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## OPENING OF THE SESSION.

THE debates or conversations on the Address throw little light on the political probabilities of the Session. It appears that both Houses are unanimous in disapproving of interference in America, or recognition of the South. But for the windfall of the Ionian Islands, Lord DERBY and Mr. DISRAELI would have failed to discover an excuse for differing from the Government. It was perfectly natural that they should dwell on the military importance of Corfu, and there could be no difficulty in citing the opinion of NAPOLEON, that the possession of the Islands was indispensable to his purposes; but Mr. SEYMOUR FITZGERALD scarcely strengthened the argument by referring to Sir JOHN YOUNG's unfortunate despatch, which was as little worth stealing as the most worthless article that was ever made the subject of larceny. The statement that three Russian ships of war were afraid to sail down the Adriatic, because there were batteries on the Eastern shore of Corfu, will scarcely convince Parliament that it is expedient to calculate on results so inexplicable in any future war. It is odd that the object of the despatch was to recommend the abandonment of the other six islands, which would have rendered the continued occupation of Corfu a shameful usurpation. There is no doubt that the possession of Corfu might be useful to a belligerent in the Adriatic, and NAPOLEON invariably assumed that it was desirable to be prepared for war in any part of the world to which he might turn his attention. There are many other positions within and without the Mediterranean which might be recommended by similar considerations. England has, at different times, possessed Tangier, Minorca, and Corsica; and NELSON at one time eagerly recommended the acquisition of Sardinia. Yet it is evident that a Power with a limited army, and with abundant occupation for its navy, suffers a grave inconvenience from the multiplication of isolated garrisons. The troops which man the works of Corfu would, in nine cases out of ten, be better employed in completing the impregnability of Malta; and in the exceptional instances, the inconvenience of not possessing a station in the Adriatic would be the same which already exists in the Gulf of Lyons. In the hands of a weak ally, Corfu might, if necessary, be made available to the English fleets; and the Government will, during the ensuing negotiations, have the opportunity of providing by treaty against the occupation of the Islands by France, by Russia, or by Austria. If the cession is politically expedient, there is no sufficient military reason against proceeding in the course which has been commenced.

If the question becomes the subject of a regular debate, the most forcible argument of the Opposition will be derived from the risk which may be caused to the Turkish dominion on the mainland of Albania. The priests and demagogues of Corfu have lately, with characteristic impudence, informed the High Commissioner that they regard the approaching annexation to Greece as an earnest of future encroachment. Their power scarcely corresponds with their mischievous intentions, and even the decadent Empire of Turkey is strong enough to resist the attacks of a community somewhat less numerous than the inhabitants of Marylebone. The Greeks of the Kingdom have learned that they must have a revenue, an army, and a reputation before they attempt to extend their territory by conquest. The danger of disturbance in the East is not altogether imaginary; but Europe can always prevent any petty State from disturbing the peace of the world. Two or three English frigates would interrupt any meditated invasion of Albania at a much smaller expense than the cost of garrisoning the Islands. It is reasonable that the military and political merits of the proposed measure should be fully discussed; but it is surprising that Mr. DISRAELI should have thought it worth while to propound a paradoxical blunder which renders his opinion wholly

worthless. The merest novice would have been ashamed of the assertion that the Treaties of 1815 gave the Ionian Islands to England as they gave Paris to France. To confuse the argument more completely, Mr. DISRAELI proceeded to explain that the English title was founded, not on treaty, but on conquest, and finally he admitted that Corfu itself was never actually conquered. It is utterly absurd to urge on the House of Commons the authority of certain "great men" who wished to capture the Islands during the war, and it is idle to propound the general proposition that "you do not conquer places out of mere wantonness or amusement." It was not for amusement that the Allies took Sebastopol; but, nevertheless, neither France nor England ever thought of keeping it. Nothing can be more monstrous than a claim of ownership in the Ionian Islands, founded on the acceptance of a trust. Lord RUSSELL accurately explained the origin of the Protectorate, which Mr. DISRAELI's "great men" of 1815 had, after the war, neither contemplated nor desired. As far as England was concerned, Austria would have been welcome to the guardianship of the Islands; and it was the Russian Minister, Count CAPO D'ISTRIA, who preferred English protection, as more beneficial to his own native island of Corfu. Mr. DISRAELI's French admirers will scarcely be flattered by his curious announcement that Paris is at present held by a title deduced from the Treaties of 1815.

In the absence of strong disagreement, the debates in both Houses were naturally uninteresting. The Speech from the Throne communicated no particle of information to Parliament or to the country; and it would not have been convenient to discuss the possibility of a change of Ministers. Mr. CORDEN and Mr. BRIGHT were silent; and, except on the subject of Corfu, Mr. DISRAELI was prudently oracular. His influence over the House was illustrated by the perfect gravity which was not even disturbed by his magniloquent definition of the American dispute. "For my own part," said the leader of the Opposition, "I am bound to say that from the first—and subsequent events have only confirmed my conviction—I have always looked on the struggle in America in the light of a 'revolution, and a great revolution.' Perhaps he has always looked on the struggle between England and France, at the beginning of the century, in the light of a war; nor is it necessary that he should conceal his opinion that America itself is to be regarded in the light of a Continent. As Mr. DISRAELI's profound and original reflections lead him to approve, with the rest of the world, of English neutrality, it is unnecessary to discuss the reasons for a sound conclusion. Lord DERBY's speech was more eloquent, as well as more judicious; and in discussing the Lancashire distress, with which his name is honourably associated, the Chairman of the Relief Committee was able to speak almost with official authority. Lord RUSSELL may reflect, not without profit, on the good-humoured reference to Lord MELBOURNE's favourite question, "Can't you let it alone?" If it was necessary or proper to take any formal notice of the POPE's conversation with Mr. ODO RUSSELL, a cautious Minister would have confined himself to general offers of contingent hospitality, instead of fixing his guest's prospective residence, and urging him to commence his journey at once. Lord MELBOURNE himself would certainly have carried out his principle by leaving it alone.

On the whole, it may be conjectured that the Opposition will make a push for office, but that they will wait for some advantageous opportunity of trying their strength. They ascertained, on Thursday night, that the House of Commons is not disposed to censure the Government on questions of foreign policy; but some difference of opinion is certain to arise, and if all sections can be induced to combine, a hostile majority may possibly be brought together. The QUEEN'S Speech confirms the general belief that reductions will be effected in the Estimates, and there is reason to hope

that Mr. GLADSTONE will be enabled to afford some relief to the taxpayer. Mr. DISRAELI, notwithstanding his economical professions of last year, thought fit to protest by anticipation against ill-judged retrenchment, but he will scarcely throw away the hope of Mr. COBDEN's support by insisting on the maintenance of establishments on a scale which the Government considers unnecessary. As far as it is possible at present to judge, the party contests of the year will not turn on finance, and no measures are announced which can give rise to serious division. The untoward transactions in Brazil may, perhaps, occasion a damaging debate, and the policy which has lately been adopted in China will require justification. The chances, however, are opposed to a change of Ministry, especially as it would be necessary, in the first instance, to pass through the disagreeable experience of a general election. Lord DERBY himself prognosticates a humdrum Session, though he may, perhaps, hereafter defeat his own anticipations.

#### THE FRENCH DEBATES.

IN countries where Parliaments are only meant to spread an agreeable air of liberty over a despotism, and not to represent and embody the opinions and feelings of a people, the speeches of eminent men have an importance and a meaning which vastly outweighs the utterances of the collective wisdom of the Assembly. If M. THOUVENEL had been a Minister in a constitutional country, he would have been encountered with questions which he would have found it difficult to evade; and his statement would have been criticized, and perhaps answered. But he was in the much more conspicuous position of being the one man in a great State body who had something really to say, and whose words gave the whole character to a debate, in which, apparently, above a hundred Senators disagreed with him. It is much more significant that M. THOUVENEL should have spoken so freely of Rome—should have stated so openly that the French occupation is a blunder and must cease—than that an obedient Senate should have joined with M. BILLAULT in declaring that all the troubles of the POPE come from Italy, and not from the difficulty of governing his own people. M. THOUVENEL is one of the ablest men that have consented to serve under the EMPEROR. He has a greater experience, perhaps, than any other French diplomatist of the real position and current of European affairs. He knows what the EMPEROR wishes, at least, to be thought to be the bent of the Imperial policy. When, therefore, he says that the EMPEROR looks on Italian unity as a fact that is accomplished once for all, and that he regards the King as the only centre of order in Italy, the EMPEROR is pledged once more not to retract from the course which, with so many turns and after so much hesitation, he has taken. The poor little fabric of the POPE's reforms, confessedly built on sand, and as a mere piece of humble show, cannot stand the breath of scorn with which M. THOUVENEL attacks it. Every one knows that it is quite impossible he should reform without preparing for himself the certainty of exile. The *Armonia* appears to have thought it advisable to heighten the effect of these sham reforms by enclosing the number in which they were described within a deep black border. But the Romans will scarcely be induced to rejoice at some trivial shufflings of petty ecclesiastical authorities, because a clerical journal affects to mourn over them. We may be sure that the POPE's subjects will think with M. THOUVENEL, and will not believe in a reforming Pope until they see one.

The Chamber of Deputies has still to give its opinion, if it has one apart from that of the Duke of MORAY, on Rome, and on the foreign policy of France. At present, the views of those who have taken part in the debate are not very imposing. There has been the old familiar talk about the truly Catholic interests and zeal of France, and the usual abuse of England, but that is all. We are, indeed, indebted to one furious orator for the strange information that Englishmen, as a body, are tormented with a secret thirst to possess Lemnos. There is nothing like living to learn, and we now know that we have a passionate desire for an island of which we will undertake to say not one Englishman in a thousand has ever thought since he left school. Surely the spirited thing for France to do, under the circumstances, would be to seize Mount Olympus at once and humiliate us for ever. But when the members of the tiny Opposition which, even in these evil days, dares to speak aloud what the better race of Frenchmen think, come to criticize what their Government has done and is doing in Italy, they will easily find matter for endless attack. If M. THOUVENEL calls the occupation a blot on French policy, what may not

M. OLLIVIER and his friends call it? The words of this Opposition are, indeed, ineffectual, and the POPE will not be driven on board an English frigate by the declamations of Paris lawyers. The EMPEROR will determine whether PIUS IX. shall go or stay. But the EMPEROR has, if the world is not mistaken, no further policy about Rome than to see what happens, and keep every one waiting, anxious and submissive, as long as possible. Even this neutrality of a slow, wavering mind is worth something. It is better than that the EMPEROR should strive to undo what he has done, and cast the lot against Italy. It very much tends to make him hesitate, we may be sure, when his late FOREIGN SECRETARY speaks of the occupation as a blunder and a wrong-doing which cannot much longer endure—when his cousin votes against the Address as unjust to Italy, and has the pleasure of a minority all to himself—and when the few men who once a year let France know or remember what the oratory of free speakers really is like, paint the Imperial policy with regard to Rome as an insult to a suffering people, and a league with an old worn-out tyranny. Perhaps it may be true that the object of the EMPEROR in changing his Minister at the Foreign Office, and ordering the POPE to make a feint of reforming, has been to induce the priests to allow him to have what deputies he and his friends may select returned unopposed. If he has a new Chamber as docile as the present, as anxious in watching every movement of its master, as eager in running wherever he seems to be going to throw his crumbs, the EMPEROR may make up his mind to let the world see that he and M. THOUVENEL are, as M. THOUVENEL asserts, quite of one mind about Italy and Rome. The *Armonia* would then have something really worth going into mourning for. The reforms made, not for the Romans, but by them, would require a very deep edging of black to make the faithful understand them properly. But there is every reason to suppose that the EMPEROR will not make up his mind until he is driven by sheer necessity to act; and then he will treat himself to as long a spell of what is probably his greatest intellectual enjoyment—that of keeping a difficulty before his mind which he might solve if he pleased.

It is not impossible that Mexico may be the key to his action, even in a matter apparently so remote from Mexico as the question of Rome and the POPE. Either there will be a great disaster in Mexico—and even if victory is won in the battle-field, yet the cost of life and money will be so great as to make the scheme abortive—or else the French will establish themselves in Mexico, will attempt to govern it, to hold it, and to profit by it. In the Chamber of Deputies an amendment to the Address is to be moved, declaring that the Mexican expedition is a lamentable mistake. It may turn out so; and then the EMPEROR will, for the first time, have to face France, humiliated, disappointed, and distrustful of his luck. It will be necessary to divert public attention by some startling stroke on the European theatre, and it would be very difficult for the EMPEROR to get up any great European commotion which would not make his occupation of Rome more difficult than at present. Even if the scene of strife were found in the East, the only policy which the EMPEROR could hope to carry out would be that of appealing to the unhappy population of Turkey and her neighbours, and to the sympathy which the sufferings of the oppressed excite in a portion of Western Europe. It would be making the blot, which M. THOUVENEL sees, of a much deeper dye, if the wretched Romans were to be forced by French soldiers to writhe patiently under a Government they detest, while other soldiers of France were sent to preach to the rayahs of Turkey, and to the Christian barbarians on the borders of Turkey, what a sacred and blessed right the right of insurrection is, and how eminently dear to the mind of France and NAPOLEON. It is exceedingly unlikely that the EMPEROR would lay the scene of war in a region where he would almost inevitably come into collision with England; but if he did stir up the Eastern question at all, he could scarcely do so, except to the profit of the Romans. If he made Germany his victim, he would want the aid of Italy; and the POPE would be a very small sacrifice in order to make a good bargain. It is, of course, possible that everything may go on to perfection in Mexico; that the Mexicans may fight a little, and then give in good-humouredly; that they may see the happiness of living under the French flag; that the French themselves may get to like the climate; that French capital may flow thither, and railways, and Pacific Canals, and other vast public works may gladden the hearts of contractors. Then Mexico would be a great success for the EMPEROR, and an abiding honour and glory to him. But it is possible, and perhaps probable, that the issue may be very different—that although the French may succeed in



the field, they may have before them a protracted struggle with desperate bands, not strong enough to fight, but strong enough to distract the country; that capitalists may shrink from the hazard of laying out their money there; that the climate may damp the energies of the conquerors; that France may grow peevish, restless, and irritated; and that the EMPEROR may then have to try the sharp and strong remedy of a European war. We should be exceedingly sorry if this was the way in which this long standing question of the maintenance of the Temporal Power was brought to an end, as we do not wish to see Europe in flames, even that the Romans may have their rights. But it appears to us far too possible an end to the business to be neglected in studying the question; and the feeling that the Roman occupation could scarcely endure if the political horizon of Europe was overcast, and the EMPEROR driven to make or threaten war, was, we may venture to guess, one of the main reasons which prompted M. THOUVENEL to declare so positively as he did in the Senate that the present state of things at Rome cannot last long, and that the French troops must in time leave a place where they have no sort of business or right to be.

#### MR. BRIGHT AT ROCHDALE.

THE curious difference between Mr. BRIGHT's two styles of oratory, as displayed inside and outside the walls of Parliament, is not very complimentary to his provincial audiences. He gives to the House of Commons all that he has to show of sober argument, and almost entirely abstains, when he is speaking to it, from bluster and bombast. He reserves for the platform the half-poetical rant and the wild perversions of fact which are generally looked upon as the characteristics of his speaking. He knows, doubtless, from long experience, how much each audience is able to bear; and he has formed a very high notion of the capabilities of provincial audiences in this respect. His harangue at Rochdale is an effort in his finest platform style. Nothing would have induced him to make such a speech in the House of Commons, where he could have been answered and exposed. But on a platform he possesses the same invulnerability to reply which is enjoyed by a clergyman in a pulpit, and he can indulge in any extravagance of statement without fear of consequences. He takes a cynical view of the intelligence of his fellow men, and is a firm believer in the maxim that a false assertion repeated often enough proves itself. He does not really believe, strongly as he asserts it, that the Americans enjoy as much personal freedom as the English. He knows that there is no law among us that enables the Executive, at its discretion, to enforce a conscription, or to suspend the *habeas corpus*, by simple proclamation; and he is perfectly aware that the power of inflicting arbitrary conscriptions or arbitrary imprisonment is that which constitutes despotism in Poland and Venetia, and the absence of which constitutes freedom here. But though he knows all this, he seems to be equally confident that his Rochdale hearers do not know it. He compounds the fiction which they are to swallow down an accurate knowledge of the capacity of the channel with which it is to pass. But still one would have thought he must set some value upon his general reputation as a public man. It is singular that he should care to propagate delusions which are so certain to be found out.

His invectives against the South are more judiciously framed than his advocacy of the North. They are equally devoid of foundation; but they do not stand in such obvious conflict with facts that are universally notorious. The assertion that the Southerners intend to consign the poorer white population to slavery may seem ridiculous enough to a Confederate reader. As these poorer whites elect the PRESIDENT and the Governors, and the Legislatures both of the Confederacy and the individual States, and, moreover, constitute the whole rank and file of the victorious army upon which the strength of the Government depends, the assertion simply means that the whites are struggling to consign themselves to slavery. Even if the Confederates were not a self-governed State, the mere pride of race would prevent men of pure white descent from being held in slavery. But a general ignorance of Southern institutions is an assistance upon which a popular orator has a perfect right to calculate; and the intense antipathy of races which so strongly marks every portion of the old Union is a feeling wholly foreign to English experience. There is great ingenuity—slightly tinged, perhaps, with impudence—in the idea of evoking Federal sympathies among the English working class by persuading them that the Confederates are scheming to reduce white men to slavery. It is probably an indispensable manoeuvre, if the end in view is to be

attained; for the cry of "a man and a brother," like the cry of "wolf," has been overworked, and no longer excites the glowing enthusiasm which it used to kindle half a century ago. The artisan of the North is a practical man, and requires a practical argument. If he can be made to believe that a Confederate is a kind of mill-owner, who wishes to bring his hands under a management more oppressive even than that under which they suffer in England, the artisan's feelings are likely to be Federal enough. That Mr. BRIGHT should have found it necessary to have recourse to so extreme a fiction shows how much the cause of negro philanthropy has burned out in this country. Sympathy with an inferior race has been made the disguise, of late years, for so much reckless partisanship, that it has lost much of the influence that it would naturally exercise upon English minds.

The negro is peculiarly unfortunate in his friends. In America, they decline to free him in the places where they can protect him; and in the places where they can do nothing to help him, they try to frighten his master into killing him. His friends in England are almost as perverse. Being unable to affect his destiny in any other way, they are doing their best to make his emancipation an impossibility. It is clear now to all calm observers, of every political school, that a greater or lesser proportion of the Slave States will succeed in forming themselves into an independent nation. Among a large number of English-speaking communities that are scattered over the globe, they will be the only one that still clings to slavery. If the power of thought, which has been so much vaunted in modern times, is not a mere chimera, they cannot remain insensible to the predominant opinion of the race whose language they speak, and whose literature they read. In the natural course of things, the better spirits among them must become ashamed of the discreditable distinction attaching to their country; and in due time this shame will bear fruit in efforts to relieve themselves from the ban of civilized opinion. It is to this slow, sapping influence of opinion that other abuses, not less burdensome, nor more deeply rooted, have gradually given way. This would be the natural course of events; but it is the course which the friends of the negro seem determined to arrest. Slavery is doomed, unless it be propped up from without by some strong independent feeling; and that prop Mr. BRIGHT and his friends on both sides of the Atlantic are hastening to supply. The more the war takes the character of an Abolitionist war, and the longer it lasts, the more eagerly will the Southerners hold fast to slavery. It is possible that, in many plantations, slaves will be liberated by the invading Federals, and that, even in the securer parts of the country, the position of the slaveowner will for the time be full of danger. But such a crisis will in no way affect the institution itself. In due time the North will be weary of the war, and the Confederate States will be independent. The first result of the withdrawal of the Northern armies will be the re-subjugation of every coloured man who has taken advantage of their presence to rebel. Some few may succeed in flying, but a large number will remain, and over them the bonds of slavery will be drawn far tighter than before. The gaps which Northern emancipators have left in the slave ranks will soon be filled up by breeding; and a vast slave population will spring, as it has sprung before, even from a scanty parent stock. And then it will be useless to talk to the Southerners of Emancipation. The maintenance of their institutions in defiance of foreign opinion will have become a point of national honour. It will be associated with their proudest national recollections, and guaranteed by their costliest sacrifices. To adopt and give effect to the battle-cry of their deadly enemies will seem treason to the memory of the heroes who died to bring their country into life. Every time that the idea of negro emancipation is suggested to them, they will remember that that cry of mock humanity once meant to them burning homesteads, and ravaged fields, and butchered relatives. The arguments and the exhortations that Englishmen will assuredly address to them will fall dead upon their ears; for they will remember that it was the voice of English philanthropists and peacemongers that in the moment of their agony hounded on the ruffians who outraged their women and desolated their homes. No doubt a simulated sympathy with the negro is as good a weapon as any other for Mr. BRIGHT to snatch up in his eagerness to do battle for his pet democracy. But he and his followers further their party purposes at fearful cost to the client whose cause they pretend to advocate. They are in effect paralysing the only voice that can hereafter befriended the negro; for it will not be to the terror of Northern proclamations, but to the persuasions of English opinion, that he must ultimately owe any amelioration of his lot. They have done

much to destroy England's future influence in the South, and are destroying it more effectually every day. History shows by many instances how an impression struck upon a nation's mind at a moment when it is heated by some terrible struggle, will last indelibly for vast periods of time. The effect Mr. BRIGHT produces upon English audiences, be it for good or evil, is insignificant and fleeting; but his laboured and unjust invectives against the South will bear a fearful share in the responsibility of riveting, perhaps for generations to come, the fetters of the slave.

#### THE THRONE OF GREECE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the official statement of a Gotha paper that the Duke of SAXE-COBURG has refused the throne of Greece, there may be still some reason to hope that he will reconsider his determination. A grave error will have been committed if the English Minister at Athens has announced to the National Assembly an acceptance which had not been formally given. If, on the other hand, the Duke himself has retracted his acquiescence after communicating it to the English Government, he must have acted with a levity scarcely becoming his station or his character. It is unfortunate that the negotiations should have led as yet to no definite result, but probably the difficulties which have delayed a final arrangement may be satisfactorily overcome. If the Duke of SAXE-COBURG ultimately accepts the Crown of Greece, his future subjects may think themselves fortunate even in the disappointment of their first love for Prince ALFRED. Their country cannot yet afford the expense of a merely ornamental king. The Greeks require restraint and guidance, as well as good faith in the maintenance of their franchises; and the fortunes of an entire reign might have been wrecked through the inability of an immature Prince to enter for three or four years on the active functions of royalty. The chief of the House of COBURG is in the full vigour of life, and he has already, in a situation of all others least favourable to ambition or originality, succeeded in rising above the common-place level of petty German Princes. With an immemorial pedigree and an ample fortune, Duke ERNEST might have contented himself, like his equals and his ancestors, with governing his little territory in peace, and giving his fraction of a vote in the Diet to Austria or to Prussia. His hereditary position might have encouraged a life of indolent pleasure, combined perhaps with the mild excitement of benevolent administration in a Principality like one of Shakspeare's dukedoms. A few ambitious princes have sought for distinction in the larger German armies; but the great mediæval nobles of the Empire, when they unfortunately succeeded in establishing their local independence, condemned their descendants to exclusion from a legitimate political career. The Duke of COBURG, though he has not succeeded in effecting any important object, has the great merit of discovering that it is nobler to become the leader in a national movement than to maintain or extend the privileges of his rank. Alone among the princes of the Federation, he has endeavoured to promote the unity, the freedom, and the greatness of Germany. In proof of his sincerity he bestowed on his own subjects a Constitution which they neither desired nor appreciated, and he placed his military contingent under the command of Prussia, as a first step to the organization of a German army. Sharing the unanimous feeling of his countrymen, he served against Denmark in the Holstein war, and more recently he assumed the presidency of the rifle clubs which have been formed for the express purpose of obliterating as far as possible the internal distinctions of the different States. Restless activity is not a conclusive test of power, but there is a presumption in favour of the energy which has resisted strong temptations to self-indulgence.

It is remarkable that, until the throne of Greece was offered to his acceptance, the Duke of SAXE-COBURG has not profited by the influence of his most illustrious connexion. While his brother exercised vast influence on the steps of the English throne, Duke ERNEST followed a separate course, which sometimes brought him into collision with English policy. A few years ago, he published a pamphlet full of bitter attacks on Lord PALMERSTON, on the ground of his alleged partiality to Denmark and of his leaning to Imperial France. It is unnecessary to inquire whether English statesmen have sufficiently regarded the importance of German unity to the balance of power; but it is certain that they have not conciliated the favour of the patriotic party which acknowledged the Duke of SAXE-COBURG as one of its principal leaders. In ascending the throne of Greece, he

cannot but be aware that his elevation is entirely due to his English connexion; but neither France nor Russia can reasonably suspect that he will become the dependent or the instrument of any foreign Power. It is more probable that, as he must necessarily discontinue his German efforts, he will devote himself exclusively to the improvement, and possibly hereafter to the aggrandizement, of his new dominions. No ruler can be positively credited with capacity for Government until he has proved it by his reign; but as it was necessary to take a King from a princely family, and as the Greeks objected to a Roman Catholic, the Duke of COBURG is perhaps the most eligible candidate who could have been found in Europe. The nephew of King LEOPOLD, the brother of PRINCE ALBERT, and the cousin of QUEEN VICTORIA, can hardly fail to respect constitutional rights, and to govern by legitimate methods. The Greeks, if they are not disappointed by a refusal, will have the best possible security in the personal character and family traditions of their King against the renewal of the imbecile corruption which discredited the Government of OTHO. Their own appreciation of Royal honesty will, perhaps, not be consistently zealous; but under an upright ruler, they will gradually find the advantages of integrity.

It has become fully time to terminate the provisional state of affairs in Greece. The excitement of the successful revolution is rapidly wearing away; and Athenian patriots, finding themselves liable to be held to ransom by neighbouring robbers, are beginning to learn that no country can be regenerated by shouting. The expulsion of the Bavarian dynasty was justifiable and expedient, but no further step has been taken for the abolition of social and political grievances. The temporary Government may be excused for not attempting organic reforms; but, unfortunately, it has not proved itself able to protect life and property. It has neither an army nor an efficient policy; and in consequence of previous mal-administration, the different parts of the country are not connected by roads. It appears, however, that the people understand the necessity of respecting the Assembly; and it may be hoped that they will be willing to repose considerable confidence in the King. The Duke of SAXE-COBURG is familiar with the sound doctrines of modern political economy, and even if he hopes at some future time to extend his dominions, he will understand the necessity of beginning with a development of wealth and population at home. When the mainland of Greece, with the Ionian Islands and the Archipelago, contain five millions of thriving inhabitants, the neighbouring Christian populations will of themselves gravitate to the Kingdom as the nucleus of their possible greatness. The approximation to such a result will reward the devotion of a life as fully as any task which at present seems within the reach of any living prince or statesman. King OTHO did his subjects the negative service of indirectly proving that domestic prosperity and order are the first conditions of national greatness and independence; and his successor may have the opportunity of completing the demonstration by illustrating the advantages of civilization. It is not surprising that King LEOPOLD, who is said always to have regretted his own refusal of the Greek Crown, should have urged on his nephew the accomplishment of an enterprise which a mistaken choice has delayed for an entire generation.

The Government of an unformed nation of great capacity affords room for the exercise of the highest moral and intellectual qualities. The Greeks are not Englishmen who can be trusted to obey the law which they impose on themselves; and still less are they mere Orientals or barbarians to be ruled by a military despot. At present they in some respects resemble promising children who may be trained into fitness for a higher condition. Among their special aptitudes are a desire to learn, and a faculty for making money, which ought to serve as the basis of material prosperity for the nation. A Saxon Prince is not likely to fall into the stupid mistake of his predecessor, of discouraging education; and German Protestants are fortunately free from the vice of religious propagandism. As there are no manufactures to protect, free-trade doctrines will be readily accepted by an essentially mercantile people. The great difficulty is to procure honest functionaries and moderate and reasonable Assemblies. The Duke of SAXE-COBURG, if he is not already aware of the characteristic tendencies of demagogues, will probably be soon enlightened by the proceedings of the practised agitators of Corfu. The best remedy against faction will probably be found in the restoration of the local independence which had grown up under the lax dominion of the Turks. When parishes and districts have the power and responsibility of managing their own affairs, there is less room for central jobbing, and there are fewer



places to intrigue for. The prosperity of Greece, however, might be largely promoted by the construction of public works, which can at present only be effected by means of borrowed capital. The re-establishment of the credit of the State by a provision for the existing debt is the first step to national regeneration; and there seems reason to believe that the Greeks themselves are aware of the profit which may arise from honesty. If the creditors obtain the satisfaction which they expect, foreigners will not fail to attribute English sympathy to a pecuniary motive; but while the receipt of a million or two would make little difference to England, the payment would be infinitely more beneficial to Greece.

#### AMERICA.

THE Federal Government has apparently determined to make a final effort to save the Republican party by achieving military success. Defeat would be more ruinous to the country than inaction; but unless a positive victory can be won, the dominant party will be driven from power; and the lives of 20,000 men may possibly be so expended as to interrupt the progress of Democratic influence. The PRESIDENT still disposes of a vast army, but the engagements of many of his troops end during the spring, and he has no reserve to fall back upon. The volunteering spirit is exhausted, and conscription has been found impracticable. Factious hypocrites of the BEECHER species are not ashamed already to proclaim that success henceforth depends on "God and the Negro." While the comparatively moderate Abolitionists urge the absurd project of raising 150,000 black soldiers, the extreme sectarians and their preachers recommend that the negroes on the plantations should be supplied with arms; or, in other words, that indiscriminate murder should be substituted for regular war. While his supporters and counsellors are caricaturing the malignity of disappointed hatred, Mr. LINCOLN has determined on tightening for the last time the folds of the notorious anaconda. General BURNSIDE has been ordered to cross the Rappahannock; General FOSTER, with 50,000 men, threatens Wilmington; an iron-clad squadron is on its way to attack Charleston; General BANKS is, if possible, to take Fort Hudson; and General GRANT is either to renew the siege of Vicksburg, or to co-operate with General ROSENCRANZ in Tennessee. The Confederates have probably not an equal force at their disposal, but they are more ably commanded; they move on interior lines; surrounded by a friendly population, they have the means of concealing their movements; and they everywhere stand on the defensive. It is uncertain whether JACKSON has moved southwards, to repel the invasion of North Carolina; and the march of LONGSTREET into Tennessee is only reported on doubtful authority. The advance of BURNSIDE is probably intended to prevent General LEE from reinforcing his colleagues in the West and the South; but if the Confederate army on the Rappahannock is not for the moment strong enough to fight, a retreat towards Richmond may easily be effected without risk of effective pursuit. Notwithstanding General HALLECK's published theories, the Aulic Council of Washington appears not yet to have learnt the rudiments of the art of war. Providence is on the side, not of the most voluminous muster-rolls, but of the forces which are most numerous at the point of contact. While the best officers in the North would be scarcely equal to the task of facing the Confederates, two considerable armies are wantonly entrusted to BANKS and McCLENDON, who are merely civilians or amateurs.

It is doubtful whether even an unexpected victory would prolong the patience of the people. The Democrats, who are everywhere resuming their ascendancy, unanimously repudiate the policy of setting the Constitution aside and of carrying on the war for the benefit of the negro. In the State Assembly of New York, parties are equally divided, and the Democrats, knowing that their adversaries command a majority in the Senate, have determined to prevent the election of a United States Senator, which is made by joint ballot of both Houses. The feeling of the populace is opposed to the Republicans, and it is remarkable that the Roman Catholic Archbishop of New York has lately denounced the PRESIDENT's Proclamation. A year ago, the Government despatched Archbishop HUGHES on a semi-official mission to Europe, where he naturally took an opportunity of encouraging Irish sedition. His present manifesto indicates the irreconcilable antipathy of the American Irishman to the negro; and English observers, who utterly repudiate the prejudice, are compelled to notice an important element in the political chances of the future. The same

feeling of dislike to the coloured race prevails in all the Middle and Western States, and it has been forcibly stimulated by the recent proceedings of the Government. The losses of the Northern armies probably outnumber the Abolitionists who could have been discovered in the entire Union at the beginning of the war; and although philanthropy has since recruited its forces by a congenial alliance with revenge, the great bulk of the population still abhors the policy of a fratricidal war for the benefit of a despised and alien race. In Ohio, Mr. VALLANDIGHAM, the most open advocate of Southern rights, is Governor elect; in Pennsylvania, measures are about to be proposed for the exclusion of Southern immigrants; and the Legislature of New Jersey has discussed a project for the restoration of peace. The PRESIDENT is at the same time urged to throw himself into the arms of the violent Republican party, and, if he yields to the pressure, there can be little doubt that he will be driven from power by a revolutionary movement.

The gradual fulfilment of the prophecies which have been hazarded by impartial politicians in Europe seems to justify the system of expectant neutrality which has been adopted both towards the belligerents and towards the contending parties in the North. The Emancipation meetings which have lately been attended in some large towns by the impulsive and irresponsible classes are the first attempts at officious intervention on the part of England in American disputes. It has been truly said that the vague preferences and summary judgments of the multitude deserve consideration and qualified respect. An Exeter Hall philanthropist bears the same relation to a statesman as a mechanical student who has just learned the laws of motion to an accomplished engineer. It is as true that slavery is objectionable as that a body set in motion will, in the absence of impediment, proceed in a straight line for ever; but experience and reflection show that there is neither an infinite vacuum to move in, nor a paramount and universal duty of abolishing all existing evils. The question whether the North has a right to destroy the institutions of the South, even if it were satisfactorily answered, would only lead to the further inquiry whether foreigners have any business to interfere in the dispute. At the Leeds meeting Mr. BAINES remarked, less appropriately than truly, that England had no right to forward the disruption of the Union. It might be answered that while the real organs of public opinion have simply commented on the obvious tendency of events, the Emancipation Society is agitating in favour of a policy which seems to a large American party fatal to the Union. The professed friends of peace are, with curious inconsistency, at the same time urging on an internecine war, and recklessly disregarding all the rules of conduct which tend to secure mutual respect and good will between independent nations. Even the Federal Abolitionists, though they may welcome the adoption of their principles, will understand that the English enthusiasts wish the negro to be freed for his own sake, and not from love to the Union. The common-place allegation that the PRESIDENT's policy is conducive to the suppression of the rebellion can only be regarded as ornamental surplusage. Exeter Hall would have been equally zealous for emancipation if it had involved the resolution of the Union into four-and-thirty independent republics. In short, the Emancipation Society favours emancipation, and the Anti-Slavery Society is opposed to slavery; and undoubtedly the bulk of the English nation heartily sympathizes with these principles. The laws of motion are true, and the laws of morality are eternal; but nevertheless there is friction wherever there is matter, and communities as well as individuals must manage their own affairs.

The caution against identifying England with any Northern faction is not theoretical or superfluous. Just offence would be taken if deputations in any foreign country were to wait on the English Ambassador, to inform him that they preferred Lord DERBY to Lord PALMERSTON, or Lord PALMERSTON to Lord DERBY. Their judgment might be right or wrong, but it would be no business of theirs. Modern licence may allow self-constituted bodies to assure a foreign Minister of their regard for his country; but they are guilty of impertinence when they also avow their preference for his special faction. If wiser heads were not more attentive to the laws of propriety and the duty of reticence, all England might be pledged by Exeter Hall to support the predominance of the Republicans, who probably are a minority in the North. The Democrats, though they are perhaps more prudent and more patriotic than their opponents, may possibly, on their accession to power, not be more scrupulous in trading on the popular animosity to England. In asserting that the spirit

of neutrality has been violated by the agitation for the freedom of the Southern negroes, they will not be so wide of the truth as the Abolitionist slanderers who have for two years indulged in unprovoked vituperation. In 1864, a new President will be elected, to carry out a policy which will almost certainly be opposed to Mr. LINCOLN's present system. It will then become the duty of Mr. ADAMS's successor in London to resent, as an affront to his Government, any proposal to prefer the claims of the negroes to the interests of the country and to the provisions of the Constitution; and at the same time, the American press will represent the well-meant compliments of English philanthropists as insidious provocations to suicidal measures. The first rule of national courtesy prescribes the recognition of the existing Government as the only legitimate representative of the State; and it follows, by a necessary consequence, that corresponding respect is due to the party which may at any time succeed to office. Independent commentaries on current events and on calculable probabilities afford no reasonable ground of offence. The Emancipation agitators, while they gratuitously ally themselves with an alien faction, cautiously abstain from considering the practical results of the measures which they applaud. It is not their concern that the North is weary of the war, and that the PRESIDENT's proclamation is likely to be altogether inoperative.

#### THE STATE OF LANCASHIRE.

THE monthly returns of the Central Executive Committee for the last week in January supply the want which rendered the previous report of comparatively little value. We have now authentic materials for ascertaining the comparative condition of the manufacturing districts in two successive months; and though the change exhibited is much less than the apparent revival of business had led sanguine observers to expect, it is enough to show that the crisis of the distress is past, and that a gradual, though probably a slow, course of improvement may be reasonably hoped for. Out of an aggregate number of more than half-a-million operatives, there are about 20,000 who have been removed, during the past month, from the list of the unemployed. These figures, moreover, do not represent quite the whole of the improvement that has taken place, for the increase in the numbers of those who are working full time is 25,000, while the hands employed at short time have been reduced by five or six thousand. It is possible too that short time now may, on the average, mean more days in the week than it did in December; and, indeed, this may be regarded as pretty certainly the case, not only from the accounts which have appeared of the progress of the trade in particular localities, but also from the diminution in the outlay of the Committees, which is more considerable than the employment of 20,000 additional hands would account for. The relief expenditure in the last week of January was 15,600*l.* by the Guardians, and 39,500*l.* by the Committees, against 17,000*l.* and 47,000*l.* in the week comprised in the preceding return. A weekly saving of 9,000*l.*, or about 14 per cent., is considerable enough to be accepted as a sign that the tide has turned with the commencement of the new year, but as yet there is nothing to encourage the hope of any very rapid amelioration, or to justify so much as a guess at the time when Lancashire may be expected to have fully recovered the shock of the American war. All present indications, indeed, point to a long and weary period of trial before the cotton industry can again stand on its old footing. Even those who are at work will, it may be feared, for a while earn less and less in every successive week, as the old stock of American cotton becomes more completely supplanted by the shorter staples of India. Without any reduction in the nominal rate of wages, a very heavy loss is endured by those who have to work up an inferior material; and even when, in course of time, full work shall have been resumed, the operatives will remain in a position far below that to which they have been accustomed, unless the state of the market should be such as to bring about a general increase in the scale of payment. That any movement in this direction must be very remote is only too certain. Up to the present time, the prices obtainable for yarns and finished goods, after a year of less than half the average rate of production, are still too low to encourage much activity among the mill-owners. To a certain extent, the gradual absorption of the stocks that still remain in hand must tend to remedy this evil, but the process is not likely to be rapid; and even when it is completed, the large increase in the price of calico cannot fail to narrow the limits of a demand which was in a great

measure forced by the marvellous cheapness of Manchester products. Nothing but cheap cotton can effectually restore the old state of things, and enable the mills of Lancashire to support the whole of the population which was formerly dependent upon them; and, without attempting to predict the course of events either in America or elsewhere, years must probably pass over our heads before good cotton is again sold in Liverpool at sixpence per pound. We are not inclined to join those who despair of ever obtaining a satisfactory supply except on the condition of the revival of the old American monopoly; but an enormous industry like that formerly employed in cotton production is not to be uprooted in one place and re-established in another, except by gradual steps. Egypt, Australia, and India may, and probably will, at some future time, learn to fill the great void which has been left by the loss of the American supply; but in the meantime the question that presses is—What is to be done with the superfluous hands for whom work will not be forthcoming?

In tiding over the first sharp period of distress, the Relief Committees have grappled with but one, and that, perhaps, the least of their difficulties. It is impossible that a system of charity can be the main reliance of the Lancashire operatives for years to come. The sturdiest and most industrious son of labour would be ruined by such a regimen if it were continued until the complete restoration of the old conditions of the cotton manufacture; and the Committees must find the means to withdraw their aid, gradually and considerately, no doubt, but at the same time with a firm resolution not to enervate a noble population by allowing them to become the permanent pensioners of the nation. Some rather needless alarm has been expressed lest the skilled workmen of Lancashire should be all dispersed by the time that a fresh supply of material will be found for their employment. But whatever inconvenience may at some distant date be felt from a scarcity of labourers will soon be removed by the temptation of good wages; and even if this were otherwise, the mischief would not be comparable to that which would result from keeping in idleness a huge army of workmen ready for an emergency which cannot reasonably be anticipated for years. Except for the purpose of strictly temporary relief, no charitable organization for the support of able-bodied men and women can be otherwise than ruinous to its objects. If it be admitted that the existing organization for the relief of Lancashire cannot be suffered to establish itself as a permanent institution, the serious question which the Committee will soon have to consider will be—What is the best method of gradually withdrawing the grants of aid, and restoring the people to their old habits of industry, though it may be impossible to restore them to the old comforts, and even luxuries, which were within their reach? It is clear that this can only be done by finding some other occupation to take for a time, and for a part of the population, the place which factory work once supplied. Any large scheme for the removal of the unemployed to new fields of labour would be in danger either of breaking down, or of doing more than the emergency called for; and for every reason it is much better that the partial absorption of the cotton hands in other branches of industry should go on with as little artificial stimulus as possible. So long as relief does not exceed legitimate bounds, the desire once more to earn wages in return for labour will, with the great mass of the people, overcome the temptation to continue in the enjoyment of a bare subsistence on the bounty of others. All that is needed to place the industry of Lancashire again on a sound footing is to put no obstacles in the way of the natural ambition which will prompt those who have sufficient energy left to seek employment of any kind, rather than eat the hard bread of idleness; or, at most, to give such slight assistance as may be asked for for that purpose. Whether the search will lead the majority to distant counties, or even to the colonies, or whether Lancashire and the adjoining districts can provide work of other kinds for the cotton hands, will be best determined by leaving each operative to take his own course with only that measure of assistance that may be required to smooth the first difficulties of the removal. That a considerable proportion of those who were formerly engaged in the cotton manufacture must be drafted into other employments must, we think, be assumed as one of the necessities of the case, and the precise measures by which the change can be best facilitated may be left to the consideration of the Committees who have so well performed the first part of their difficult work. While cotton goods can be purchased in the markets of India and China 25 per cent. cheaper than they



can be produced in England, and this after an almost total cessation of exports for more than a year, it would be idle to look for a speedy restoration of the trade to anything like its old footing. In goods like cotton fabrics, which are used in the largest quantities by the poorest classes of the poorest countries in the world, it is not surprising that a large addition to the market price should produce a corresponding diminution in the number of purchasers; and, with the facts that are now patent before us, it would be the height of folly to refuse to see the conditions, however much to be deplored, by which all useful efforts in aid of the unemployed operatives must be moulded.

#### PRUSSIA.

THE refusal of the King of PRUSSIA to receive a deputation from the Lower House to present the Address puts the last touch to the strange comedy which he is playing for the amusement of Europe. A King who insists on receiving, in the shape of an ordinary letter, a document in which a large majority of the representatives of his people complain of great constitutional grievances, and who yet thinks himself perfectly loyal to the Constitution which he treats with so much scorn, is a curiosity. Although, however, it is impossible to avoid noticing the slight tinge of the ludicrous which colours this, as it colours almost every other phase of German politics, it must be said that none of the fault lies with the Lower House. Very few assemblies have ever conducted a quarrel with so little bitterness and intemperance. The Prussian deputies have stuck to the one point on which they are unassailable. They listen to the Minister and laugh at him; but they always make the same reply. They urge, with commendable perseverance, the simple truth, that if the Constitution means anything, it must mean that the nation is only bound by the concurrent action of all the branches of the Legislature. The Ministers of the Crown affect to think, and the King probably believes, that, by some unaccountable accident, there is an hiatus in the Prussian Constitution, which the Father of his People must fill up for them as well as he is able. This accidental omission is the absence of any provision in the case of the three branches not concurring. The famous schoolboy of the essayists could easily explain to the King of PRUSSIA and his friends that a Constitution can scarcely be expected to contemplate its own violation, and to point out precisely how it is to be infringed. It is the business of the Executive Government, representing the Crown, to bring about a concurrence of all those branches, and to change its measures or to change itself until a concurrence is effected. The legitimate conclusion from the absurd doctrine that, if the three branches of the Legislature do not concur, then the Crown is to do as it pleases in the matter as to which the difference has arisen, would be that whenever the Crown chose to veto a bill, or was pleased to introduce a bill no one would think of sanctioning, it had immediately a free course before it, and might do exactly as it liked. This is new as a doctrine, but in practice it is exactly the view taken by every monarch who has evaded or overthrown a Constitution. The Elector of HESSE only did what the King of PRUSSIA maintains he himself has a right to do. By one of those special strokes of folly into which even such small victims of the evil fates as WILLIAM I. are deluded by an ironical destiny, the KING has thought proper to announce publicly that if the Elector of HESSE will not obey the Constitution of his country—and if he will persist in the outrageous assumption that when the Constitution does not bring out the result desired by the Court, the ELECTOR is to govern as he thinks best for Hesse—then, in his righteous indignation, the KING will send his troops and take possession of the ELECTOR's territories, and kill and wound until the noble institutions of Hesse are once more respected, and the ELECTOR learns to walk in the narrow but safe path of the Constitution. This is quite a godsend to the Prussian orators. They can always, as actors say, bring the galleries down, by an allusion to Hesse. There is something palpably and irresistibly ludicrous in this gnashing of the Royal teeth and roaring of the Royal voice at the iniquities of the ELECTOR, if contrasted with the maintenance of the ELECTOR's own views when glorified by being applied to the divine and anointed House of HOHENZOLLERN. And an appeal to its evident absurdity is worth a thousand of the ingenious and antiquarian arguments with which, if his speeches are like his writings, M. GNEIST proves that the PLANTAGENETS would never have dreamt of doing anything so bad as the King of PRUSSIA has done. No wonder that the strangeness of the Royal position unites men of all parties in a common resist-

ance, overshadows all minute grounds of difference, and brings the section which a generous loyalty to a respected leader prompts to endure the name of BOCKUM-DOLFS, into the arms of the victorious Fortschritt.

The struggle in Prussia goes on slowly, because it is really quite as much social as political. The social fetters by which a Prussian is bound, from his cradle to his grave, are perfectly marvellous to an Englishman who hears of them for the first time, and who has been accustomed to think that Prussia is, in a modified way, a free country. There is not only the military pressure, the liability to service, and the insolence of the officers to civilians, with the pressure which a Continental police exercises over all its victims, but there is a religious pressure, and an aristocratic pressure, of which in England it is hard to form even a notion. Throughout Northern Germany, the rite of confirmation is a test which the Government exacts from all its citizens who do not come under a few special exemptions, and attendance at the Holy Communion is not unfrequently made a condition of an accordance of the privilege to exercise very humble mercantile functions. Even if Prussia is a little better than her neighbours, she is only a very little better, and the Prussians are bullied into compliance with religious forms almost as much as their neighbours. The social separation, too, between the people who bear, and who do not bear, the prefix of *von* to their names, is almost inconceivable. In Mecklenburg, for example, not only is there a club for the *vons* into which no non-*von* is ever allowed to put his sacrilegious foot, but the *von* club is allowed by the Government to gamble, while all the non-*von* clubs are strictly forbidden to stake a halfpenny. Prussia does not quite go into these minutiae of absurdity, but the general spirit of the aristocracy is very much the same. The army is almost exclusively officered by men of noble families, and the passion of a clique for the maintenance of every possible abuse, and the detestation of all originality and nobleness, pervade Prussian military men of every grade. It is their misfortune, not their fault, to be brought up from infancy without any notion of what men are who have not the bad luck to be German noblemen. They belong to an aristocracy which is one of the meanest and poorest that ever appeared in the history of the world, and which has scarcely any other merit than that of willingness to fight duels. It has none of the generous pride of a nobility which strives to guide and govern a nation; it has none of the prestige of a class that fights in the real battles of European warfare, and determines questions by the sword; it has none of the feudal magnificence and feudal courtesy of the princely houses of Austria. It is simply a knot of men and women who are born in a celestial circle, and who have very little interest or occupation in life except that of preventing any one born without the pale from going to Court, or stepping into the sacred sort of club, or putting any aspiring and pretentious marks on his pocket-handkerchief or envelope. It is among these people that the King has lived all his life, and it is their way of looking at men and measures which determines his. That a parcel of people who have no coronet on their pocket-handkerchiefs—who would never be allowed to risk a dollar in Mecklenburg—who could not get a commission for any of their dearest friends—should presume to limit the size of the Prussian army, and to say what the KING is to spend or not to spend, is intolerable. It may be all very well that they should meet in some sort of Chamber, and hear what the KING's Ministers like to tell them, and send up loyal addresses. If this is what their Constitution means, there can be no great objection to it. Even non-*vons* may as well have privileges, provided they are wholly delusive. But the case is entirely different when they venture to assert that their stupid Constitution is to bind the KING, and annoy the army, and perhaps lead on the State into some pernicious foreign policy in which Prussia may be on the side of such odious people as the countrymen of GARIBALDI.

There are, of course, some noblemen who are wiser in their generation, who have been affected by the general course of European thought, and who can rise above the narrow prejudices and petty passions of a clique. It is by no means true that, in the present struggle, there is a clear division between the commonalty and the nobility. But still, whatever may be the course taken by individuals, there is a substantial opposition of the one class to the other; and the KING goes with the people he lives with, just as a country gentleman never thinks of killing a fox, whether he has or has not a taste for fox-hunting. It takes a very great deal of time and money and patience to overcome such a

resistance as that which the Prussian aristocracy opposes to the Liberal party. That this resistance should be successfully overcome is the indispensable condition of Prussia's really attaining the position of a great nation. But the steps by which an aristocracy like that of Prussia yields to the advancing influence of their social inferiors, can only be attained very gradually. First, there comes the spread of wealth through the nation, and then the spread of knowledge. It is because Prussia has made a great stride in wealth during the last twenty years, and because there is genuine intellectual activity at Berlin and in the larger towns of Prussia, that there is now so strong, so compact, and so well-managed a party to represent the people in the Lower House. The struggle in which they are now engaged gives them an opportunity by which they may profit to effect their general object. They have now a new field in which to shine, a new means of acquiring distinction. They can acquire a political reputation. They can speak, and they can say what the mass of the nation wishes said, and they can show tact in the conduct of affairs, and courage in asserting their claims. They can teach Europe that they exist, and men who are known to Europe cannot go utterly without honour in Prussia. Sooner or later, the more successful and impressive and discreet among them will force their way into the Ministry; and experience has shown that when once a nation awakes to political life, statesmen, of whatever rank they may be, acquire an ascendancy which throws the pretensions of an aristocratical clique into the shade. The manner in which the Lower House has conducted this quarrel is a very strong proof that Prussia is on the eve of a real political existence, and that there are men who have the capacity and nerve requisite to ensure the triumph of what is now only beginning. If this is so, it makes exceedingly little difference whether the Liberals get their address carried straight to the King by a deputation, or whether it goes to him next week by post as a Valentine. It has reached Prussia and Europe already, and it is immaterial how soon or through what channel it reaches the sacred presence of their funny old SOVEREIGN.

#### THE INSURRECTION IN POLAND.

OUR information as to what is passing in the interior of Russian Poland is still confused and imperfect. It seems certain that official telegrams give us little more than half-truths, largely adulterated with fiction; and the accounts which are now daily reaching us from independent sources, though invaluable when they give facts within the knowledge of the writers, necessarily consist to a great extent of more or less questionable hearsay. In the midst, however, of the general haze, some main points become more and more unmistakably clear. In the first place, it is evident that the insurrection which commenced on the night of the 22nd of January is more serious, more extensive, and more difficult to deal with than it suited the purpose of the Russian authorities to allow Europe to believe. The repeated assertions of the official journals both of Warsaw and St. Petersburg, that the disturbances were on the point of being suppressed, have not been confirmed. Although it is still impossible to regard the movement as anything more than the hopeless effort of a population goaded by unbearable oppression into mad conflict with an irresistible power, it may be doubted whether we have even yet seen all that the frenzy of desperation is capable of. By all accounts Warsaw remains "tranquil"—with the tranquillity of mute submission to overpowering military force; but throughout vast districts of the country the insurrection continues unsubdued, if it does not actually gain in strength and volume. We hear of bodies of insurgents, numbered by the thousand, taking and even keeping possession of towns, and engaging in regular conflicts with considerable detachments of Russian troops, in which the latter are far from being uniformly successful. In one case, a whole battalion of Russian soldiers is said to have been compelled to retreat after a fierce encounter with a body of men armed only with scythes. It is difficult to form anything like an accurate notion of the extent of the rising. It is believed, however, in Vienna, that the movement "is spread all over the Western and South-western parts of the Kingdom of Poland," and there is ample evidence that it ranges far beyond those districts. We have circumstantial accounts from the Eastern and South-eastern provinces of repeated engagements, in which villages have been occupied by the insurgents, barracks captured, and the troops disarmed or driven out. From the North-east we learn that the communication is interrupted between Wilna,

Grodno, and Warsaw; and the insurgents have occupied and commenced fortifying a town of some importance on the Lithuanian frontier. Considering that their organization and equipment are of the rudest, and that there are few signs of their having any definite plan of operations, the obstinacy and partial success with which the struggle has thus far been maintained speak volumes as to the strength and depth of the popular feeling in which it originated. What is perhaps more material than these casual military checks inflicted on the Russians is the fact that national sympathy with the movement appears to have become more general and pronounced than was the case at the outset. It seems to be no longer true (if it ever was true) that the overt signs of disaffection are exclusively confined to the classes immediately affected by the detested conscription. The statement in a Warsaw letter that "large batches of landed proprietors are 'being daily brought in by the soldiers,'" indicates apprehensions on the part of the authorities which are perhaps not wholly unfounded; and it is expressly asserted that in several parts of the country the peasants make common cause with the fugitives from the towns. There is still no clear proof that the revolt is supported by the Roman Catholic priesthood; for the official allegation that "all those who have been 'brought before courts-martial declared the clergy to have 'been the principal instigators of the insurrection'" is probably not more trustworthy than the statement about a projected "second massacre of St. Bartholomew." But it may be readily believed that the sympathies of patriotic Poles with any rising against Russian rule are only limited by the conviction that the present struggle was intrinsically hopeless from the first, and that, sooner or later, what despots call "order" will once more reign throughout the land.

The more we learn of the acts which provoked this deplorable conflict, the more amazing it appears that such atrocities can be committed in our day by responsible and legal authority in the heart of Europe. No Oriental tyranny could surpass in iniquitous cruelty the outrages on common humanity and common decency which have been perpetrated in cold blood by the Russian rulers of Poland. Compulsory service in the ranks of an alien army is, at the best, a terrible doom to inflict on the youth of a country; but a law of conscription is common, in one shape or another, to all military monarchies, and it is not pretended that Poland would have refused to contribute her legal quota to the forces of the Czar, had it been levied in the usual way. Here, however, we have a case, not of conscription as understood and practised among civilized communities, but of simple downright kidnapping. The measure which was carried out at Warsaw in the middle of last month was a penal conscription, directed with deliberate malignity against particular classes, and even against particular families and particular individuals arbitrarily designated by name. It was not soldiers, but victims, that were wanted. The object—almost the avowed object—of the Russian authorities in the proceeding which has driven Poland beside herself with rage and terror, was not to recruit the Imperial armies, but to drain the life-blood of the Polish people by decimating the classes suspected of remembering that they had a country. It was a measure of pains and penalties—of pains and penalties the most cruel that it ever entered into the imagination of tyranny to devise—applied, without a show or pretence of justice, to a population whose only crime was an assumed sensitiveness to wrong and oppression which might one day make them troublesome to their rulers. It was against Polish patriots, simply as Polish patriots, that the decree went forth that on a given night each household should part with one or more of its members, never again to see them in this world. No substitutes were allowed. No plea of exemption availed. If the son was not forthcoming, the father was seized. It is difficult to English minds to realize the fact that this crime against society was actually committed not a month ago in a European country, not by some revolutionary Committee of Public Safety, but by a regularly organized and Christian Government—committed with the utmost deliberation, and in defiance of the urgent remonstrances of some of its most trusted servants. And even this was not quite all. Because the Polish people, with an almost incredible effort of patriotic self-restraint, obeyed the counsels of their leaders, and at first passively submitted to the midnight raids of the Russian recruiting parties on their homes, it was thought decent to insult them by proclaiming in the official *Gazette* that the measure was highly popular, and that its victims were delighted with the good fortune that had befallen them. It

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was this brutal mockery of their misery that appears to have exasperated national feeling beyond endurance, and to have overpowered a patience and prudence that might else have been proof against any extremity of mere oppression. All things considered, it may be doubted whether the present age has witnessed a more flagrant public crime than that which constituted authority has just perpetrated in Russian Poland.

It seems impossible to believe that a Sovereign who has given proof of a desire to merit the respect and goodwill of mankind can be willing to accept the responsibility of an act which offends the conscience and revolts the feelings of civilized nations; and it is to be hoped that the reported suspension of the conscription is something more than a piece of mere political prudence. If the Emperor ALEXANDER II. is not prepared to forfeit all, and more than all, that he has ever gained in European esteem by his wise and generous efforts to abolish serfdom, he will do well to make it quite clear that it was not by his will that Poland has been tortured and terrorized into revolt against his authority. He can hardly fail to be aware that political expediency, no less than justice and humanity, requires that Poland should share in the benefits which he is honourably solicitous to bestow on the other members of his vast Empire. These are not times in which any ruler can afford to set at naught the public opinion of the world. Even apart from the political and military inconveniences of Polish disaffection, the Russian Empire loses caste among civilized Powers by disorders which recall the worst days and the worst deeds of KATHARINE and NICHOLAS. A ruler who makes it his ambition to be the recognised patron of oppressed Christian races in Eastern Europe ought to be especially careful to discountenance and punish abuses of his prerogative which savour of the worst excesses of Asiatic despotism. Whatever may be the extent and duration of this latest outbreak of Polish misery and despair, the Emperor ALEXANDER will do wisely to disabuse mankind, at the very earliest opportunity, of the probably erroneous belief that Russian rule in Poland is only possible on conditions that make it a scandal to civilization.

#### LORD LANSDOWNE.

THE death of Lord Lansdowne is one of those events which, although long anticipated with their consequences, are never thoroughly appreciated till they occur. On the morning of Sunday last, all men more or less connected with the world of politics, fashion, science, literature, or art, felt that they had lost something more than a sagacious counsellor, a courteous and liberal host, a valued friend, a cultivated companion, or a munificent patron. A link was simultaneously broken in the chain which binds men of intellectual mark together for high and useful purposes, and in that which connects the leading minds of the present generation with the past. Placed by birth from boyhood in the position which others, destitute of that advantage, spend years in struggling for, Lord Lansdowne eagerly profited by his opportunities. He could relate how he had listened to Burke in one of his most excited moods, and how he had strolled in the garden or turnip field at St. Anne's Hill—

When in retreat Fox lays his thunder by,  
And Wit and Taste their mingled charms supply.

Having encountered Pitt in actual debate, he could repeat, with the emphasis of conviction :—

Stetimus tela aspera contra,  
Contulimurque manus. Experto credite, quantas  
In clypeum assurgat, quo turbine torquet hastam.

He was showing only the other day at Bowood a copy of Boswell's *Johnson*, presented to him "from the Author;" and one of the most valuable contributions to "the Johnsonian Urn" is his letter describing his visit to Mrs. Piozzi, whilst she was busy with *Retrospection* in 1799. His manhood and old age were passed, like his youth, amongst all that was gifted or famous, learned, accomplished, refined or elevating—attracted round him far more by his unaffected sympathy and congenial habits than by his rank. He did not give a haughty and protecting patronage to clever men. He claimed brotherhood with them, and sought them as his natural associates; and his usefulness as their common centre is the measure of their loss. There is no longer a house at which the celebrities of all nations may be sure of meeting, as on the tableland of which D'Alembert holds out a prospect in some future state; and the richest store of varied and instructive reminiscences existing in our time is gone with the deceased nobleman to the grave.

Although his fortune came from Sir William Petty through a female, he was lineally descended in the male line from the Fitzmaurices, Earls of Kerry. He was the second son of the celebrated Earl of Shelburne, whose ambition, justified by his talents, was balked by the auspiciously or unjustly entertained of his sincerity. When Gainsborough drew his portrait, his lordship complained that it was not like. The painter said he did not approve it either, and begged to try again. Fainting a second time,

he flung down his pencil, saying, "D— it, I never could see through varnish, and there's an end." We commend this story to those who believe in inherited qualities, for the late Marquis was frankness and truth personified. In allusion to the Earl's nickname of Malagrida (a Portuguese Jesuit), Goldsmith once naively remarked to him—"Do you know, I never could conceive the reason why they call you Malagrida, for Malagrida was a very good sort of a man." To console him for missing the Premiership he was made a Marquis, and he busied himself during the remainder of his life with the adornment of Lansdowne House and the formation of the fine collection of pictures, statues, books, and manuscripts which was dispersed by his eldest son and immediate successor.

Henry, the third Marquis, first known to fame as Lord Henry Petty, was born on July 2, 1780. He was educated at Westminster, where, according to tradition, just before leaving school at the age of sixteen or seventeen, he was unjustly and improperly flogged. He was next sent to Edinburgh under the care of a tutor, Mr. Debarry, where, at the table of Dugald Stewart and in the Speculative Society, he associated with a set of young men who were destined to work a revolution in literature, and (some of them) to play a conspicuous and important part on the political arena—with (amongst others) Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, Lord Palmerston, Horner, Lord Brougham, and Scott. He was wont to say that the preparation of his essays and speeches for their debating club was the most useful mental training he underwent at any period.

Before he left Scotland he was entered of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his degree in 1801. The impression left by him on his late associates at Edinburgh, and the expectations formed of him, may be learned from one of Horner's letters to his friend, Murray (the late Lord Murray), dated April 10, 1801 :—

Pray remember me to Petty. I am surprised he is not yet gone abroad, but you must deem it a very fortunate circumstance for yourself, as there cannot be a more agreeable companion. If Lord Henry has continued to improve that very strong understanding, and to augment that store of valuable information which he appeared to possess when I had the pleasure of knowing him, his society must be equally instructive and pleasing. Partiality aside, would you still distinguish him by a cool, clear-thinking head, a plain, firm, manly judgment?

When the Peace of Amiens reopened the Continent to English enterprise or curiosity, Lord Henry Petty started for what was called the Grand Tour, attended by Dumont, the translator or exponent of Bentham, taking Lausanne and Geneva on his way. *Care's Travels in Switzerland* was still fresh in Swiss recollection, and it was at one of these places, as he used to narrate, that the landlord boasted of having lodged the two most celebrated of his countrymen, *Monsieur Fox et Monsieur Care*. The renewal of the war speedily drove back the travellers, and Lord Henry took his seat for Calne, the borough which, under his control or counsel, has certainly contributed its full share to the eloquence, knowledge, and ability of the Legislature. His maiden speech was on the Bank Restriction Act, but his first decided Parliamentary hit was a speech against Lord Melville; of which Horner (April 19, 1805) writes thus to Mackintosh :—

Lord Henry Petty has gained immense reputation by his speech on the 8th instant. I have heard several persons say that Fox's compliment was seriously deserved when he called it the best speech that had been made that night. Lord Henry is moving very steadily on to a high station both in the public opinion and in office. His discretion, his good sense, his pains in acquiring knowledge, and the improvement of his power as well as taste in speaking, make such a prophecy with regard to his future destiny very safe.

Tierney said, "It is a matter of pride to any man to be able to call himself the friend of such rising talents and eloquence." "Let me here," says Lord Stanhope, in his *Life of Pitt*, "interrupt my narrative to notice that such signs of success in Lord Henry must have cheered the closing hours of his father," who died within a week of this time. So high was then the estimate of the young orator's capacity that he was supposed equal to a repetition of the part played by Pitt in 1784, had he been ready to throw off the party ties that bound him to Fox—of which, however, no one who knew him so much as suspected him. His fealty had been already tried; for we learn from Earl Stanhope that when Pitt was forming his Government in 1804, "he proposed an office (not in the Cabinet) to the second son of his old chief Shelburne. This was Lord Henry Petty, a young man of rare promise. The offer was sent him through Mr. Lang, but was declined by Lord Henry, who adhered to the party of Fox. It was a refusal of which the consequences extended far beyond the time in question. How greatly, in after years, would the party of Pitt have gained could they have reckoned amongst their leaders the present Marquis of Lansdowne!" He was to have moved the Amendment to the Address on the opening of the Session of 1806, when party warfare was suspended by the alarming illness of Pitt; on whose death he was rewarded for his exertions and straightforwardness by a place in the Cabinet of All the Talents. That as their Chancellor of the Exchequer he did not lose ground with the public, is clear from the manner in which Horner continues to speak of him :—

I talk of him as if he were already a Minister; almost all the world talk of him as on the high road to it, and Mr. Fox regards him as his successor in the only station he has ever held, or may, perhaps, ever hold. I should hardly write with so little reserve about our friend, Lord Henry, to any other person, and, at present, he is in everybody's mouth.

On vacating his seat by acceptance of office, he stood for the University of Cambridge with Lord Palmerston as a competitor;

and it is a striking proof of the gradual breaking down of political differences by the sheer force of events, that these two statesmen, the one starting as a Tory and the other as a Whig, should during several years, without an imputation of inconsistency on that account, have been co-operating more cordially than, perhaps, any two other English statesmen of equal eminence. They seem to have reached from opposite sides the same commanding heights, from which the same broad views of government and policy were opened to them. Their contest stands immortalized by "Hours of Idleness:"—

One on his power and place depends—  
The other on—the Lord knows what;  
Each to some eloquence pretends,  
Though neither will convince by that.

The selfsame question, Catholic Emancipation, lost Lord Henry both his place and his seat for the University. He held it only a year, and was succeeded by Sir Vicary Gibbs, to whom an equally short tenure was promised in the punning quotation:—

Nec cultura placet longior annua;  
Defunctumque laboribus  
Æquali recreat sorte vicarius.

It must have been about this time, and in reference to Irish claims, that, as Lord Stanhope relates, George III. remarked to an eminent statesman (Lord L.), "I never knew one Scotchman speak ill of another without a reason for it; but I never heard one Irishman speak well of another unless he had a reason for it." Johnson still more pointedly said, "The Irish, Sir, are a fair people; they never speak well of one another." Lord Henry was re-elected for Camelford, which he represented till his accession to the Marquise, by the death of his brother, in November, 1809. In March, 1808, he had married Lady Louisa Strangways, a daughter of the Earl of Ilchester; and on the 27th October, 1808, Homer writes to Murray:—

I passed a few days lately with Petty in the beautiful country where he has taken an old house in the midst of old trees, and I cannot tell you how much I am pleased with Lady Louisa. I believe you saw her; so I need say nothing of her beauty. The gentleness of her manner has a degree of shyness joined with it, but not the least reserve; so that you soon discover good and well-informed understanding. I could not fancy a wife better suited to him.

Her fine taste and winning, though rather reserved, manners became of incalculable use to him in completing, fitting up, and adorning his two principal residences, especially Bowood, which for felicitous arrangements, refined luxury, harmonizing objects of art, pictures, and furniture, gradually grew into the most finished or (to borrow the French expression) best-mounted house in Europe. "When," says Mrs. Jamieson, "the Marquess succeeded to the title, there was not, I believe, a single picture in the family mansion, except, perhaps, a few family portraits. Without setting forth any of the pretensions of connoisseurship—without apparently making it a matter of ambition or ostentation to add a gallery of pictures to the other appendages of his rank—guided simply by the love of art, and a wish to possess what is beautiful in itself, for its own sake—Lord Lansdowne has gradually collected together about 160 pictures, all of more or less merit, honourable to the taste which selected them, and not a few of rare interest and value." Lady Lansdowne used to say that, when she first came to Bowood, she had to borrow a rush-chair from the lodge to sit down upon. He trusted to his own judgment or feeling, and the result is, that his pictures please no less by the subject than by the execution—a recommendation of which collectors for vanity's sake never think at all.

The Lansdowne collection is particularly rich in Reynoldses, including Mrs. Sheridan, "the beautiful mother of a beautiful race," as St. Cecilia, and Lawrence Sterne, a much admired and most remarkable portrait. Many of the pictures are the early works of painters little known till he sought them out. Many are associated with noteworthy incidents or remarks. Newton's *Olivia brought back to her Home* (a scene from the *Vicar of Wakefield*), is represented with her face hidden in her father's bosom. "It is not very difficult," remarked a carping critic, "to paint a figure without the face." "But it is very difficult," retorted Constable, "to paint a sob." What Lord Lansdowne bought was the sob. Almost the last (if not the very last) purchase he made was Mr. Rankley's picture of "The Prodigal's Return." When told that it had passed into a dealer's hands, having left the walls of the Academy unsold, he exclaimed with much warmth: "Unsold! where were people's eyes? Where were their hearts?" The "Teacher of Music" by Mr. Millais was another of his latest favourites. The fitness of each picture for its allotted place, and its harmony with the room and the accompaniments, were carefully subjected to experiment; and when vividly impressed with a favourite specimen or a new purchase, he would take it with him from town to country or country to town, as if for the uninterrupted enjoyment of its society. With the exception, perhaps, of the Canaletti room at Woburn there is nothing in England more happily conceived than the dining-room at Bowood, panelled with views by Stansfield in his finest manner.

In *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, Lord Henry is accused of being deep in the counsels of the angry bard's presumed enemies.

Holland, with Henry Petty at his back,  
The whipper-in and huntsman of the pack.

During many years he had ample leisure for both literature and art; for a long and (to his political friends) tedious interval was to

elapse before he was to take part again in the practical administration of affairs—

Nought's permanent amongst the human race,  
Except the Whigs not getting into place.

Lord Lansdowne, however, was thoroughly imbued with the broad principles of civil and religious liberty, and never missed an opportunity of advancing them by opportune advocacy. They gradually won their way forward; till the ground occupied by the Eldon school of Tories became untenable, and the Canning Ministry was formed; from which Lord Grey held haughtily and insultingly aloof, whilst Lord Lansdowne eagerly and cordially supported it. He used to relate, with evident relish of its absurdity, the objection started by William IV. to his joining the Cabinet in 1830. His father had proposed or suggested the cession of Gibraltar; and His Majesty required a written promise that the proposal or suggestion should never be renewed by the son.

It is unnecessary for the purposes of this summary to enumerate the offices he filled, or the measures he passed or promoted, from 1827 to 1852, when he formally seceded from the leadership of the House of Lords. Suffice it to say that once at least during the intervening period, and once again prior to the formation of the Aberdeen Ministry, he refused the Premiership. He also refused a dukedom. His acceptance of a seat in the Cabinet without office was a purely unselfish act, dictated by a sense of duty and a wish to gratify the Queen. After the death of the Duke of Wellington, Lord Lansdowne filled the vacated place of constitutional adviser and referee about the throne; and perhaps no one man ever intervened so often and so successfully to reconcile political adversaries or competitors for power. As for coalitions, it would seem as if the *mitis sapientia Lali* formed an essential and inevitable part of them.

We must not omit to state that, as Home Secretary, in 1828, he introduced an important Act for the consolidation of the Criminal Law, and another for rendering the affirmation of Quakers admissible in criminal cases. But, limited as we are for space, we prefer dwelling on his social position and influence; which were personal and peculiar, resulting more from taste and temper than design. It has been truly said that, consciously or unconsciously, he acted on Goethe's rule, never to pass a day without reading some good poetry, hearing some good music, and looking at some fine picture. "He looks," writes Sydney Smith, "for talents and qualities amongst all ranks of men, and adds them to his stock of society as a botanist does his plants; and whilst other aristocrats are yawning amongst Stars and Garters, Lansdowne is refreshing his soul with the fancy and genius which he has found in odd places, and gathered to the marbles and pictures of his palaces." He looked also for brilliancy and attractiveness amongst women; and the renown of more than one celebrated beauty dates from her *début* at Lansdowne House—

In early days, when I, of gifts made proud,  
That could the notice of such men beguile,  
Stood listening to thee in the brilliant crowd,  
With the warm triumph of a youthful smile.

Brillat-Savarin lays down that, to make a pleasant dinner party, the guests should be so selected "that their occupations should be varied, their tastes analogous, and with such points of contact that there shall be no necessity for the odious formality or presentation." The guests at Lansdowne House were so selected; and the host took care that all should share in the conversation; or when they were reassembled in the drawing-room, he would adroitly coax them into groups, or devote himself for a minute or two, carelessly and without effort, to the most retiring or least known. He was emphatically described as a natural gentleman by one whom he had just been putting at his ease in this manner. He talked delightfully, and he listened as well as he talked.

To be gathered together, received, and fused, as it were, in this fashion, is a widely different thing from being lionized, or invited for an obviously political end; yet it is not the less true that the Whig party—as stated in a popular Essay—benefited largely by his uncalculating and cosmopolitan hospitality:—

Many a time has the successful debutant in parliament, or the author just rising into note, repaired to Holland or Lansdowne House, with unsettled views and wavering expectations, fixed in nothing but to attach himself for a time to no party. He is received with that cordial welcome which warms more than dinner and wine; he is presented to a host of literary, social, and political celebrities, with whom it has been for years his fondest ambition to be associated; it is gently insinuated that he may become an actual member of that brilliant circle by willing it, or his acquiescence is tacitly and imperceptibly assumed; till, thrown off his guard in the intoxication of the moment, he finds, or thinks himself, irreversibly committed, and, suppressing any lurking inclination towards Toryism, becomes deeply and definitively Whig.

There is a passage in Lord Macaulay's *Essays* in which, after sketching the interior of Holland House, he suggests how the surviving members of its circle might recur to it:—"They will remember how the last debate was discussed in one corner, and the last comedy of Scribe in another; whilst Wilkie gazed with modest admiration on Sir Joshua's 'Baretto,' whilst Mackintosh turned over Thomas Aquinas to verify a quotation; whilst Talleyrand related his conversations with Barras at the Luxembourg." The awakened fancy might roam in like manner through some well-remembered scenes at Lansdowne House. There is the dinner-table at which Rogers, placed between Hallam and Macaulay, complained that they wrangled and fought over him, "as if I was a dead body;" at which, in precisely similar circumstances, the great French historian fell asleep. There are the grim, grey statues, looking down from their niches on the recumbent figure (by Canova) in



white marble, that gave rise to the somewhat hazardous joke of Payne Knight, which the Marquis did not repeat till the ladies had withdrawn. It was in the doorway of that concert-room that the brilliant and fastidious Frenchman uttered his now celebrated saying—"You English cling to your established beauties as you stand by your old institutions;" and it was in the adjoining saloon that Madame de Staël, after a consultation with her host as to the best position for attracting notice, took her premeditated stand with Rogers. A descent to the subterranean portion of the building might possibly lead to the room in which (according to a plan of the second Marquis) thirty fiddlers were to have been hermetically sealed up, so as to form a reservoir of music to be conducted to every quarter of the house under the control of stopcocks; till an insuperable difficulty arose in supplying the fiddlers with air without an escape and waste of sound.

Lord Lansdowne had an exquisite sense of humour, and told his stories with inimitable zest and *à propos*. One afternoon at Bowood, when waiting for the ladies to take a walk, he manifested some impatience at their delay, which he explained by saying that the water from the lake was set on for the waterfall, and that he feared it would not last till they came. He then told the story of his poetic neighbour, Bowles, being overheard, on the announcement of visitors, ordering his gardener to set the fountains playing, and carry the hermit his beard. One of the raciest of his latest stories was of a distinguished diplomatist who had a country residence near a river, and was out fishing when he called. On repairing to the scene of action, he found the Minister in an appalling contest with a gigantic pike, anxiously watched by an attaché, who, whenever the pike seemed to be getting the upperhand, instinctively clutched his chief's coat-tail and held him tight. The fish was landed after a protracted struggle, and has been stuffed and preserved as a trophy of the piscatorial prowess of His Excellency.

Lord Lansdowne's commerce with picture-dealers and artists supplied him with some comic incidents. Looking at the portrait of Sir Thomas More in the National Portrait Gallery, he identified it by a crack which was pointed out to him, many years ago, by a vendor, as greatly enhancing the value, being relied on as a proof that this was the identical portrait flung out of the window by Henry VIII., when Sir Thomas first set up his conscience against the royal will. Lord Lansdowne used to relate that when, after Turner's death, he went to the artist's house, on a foggy day, in the hope of getting a sight of his reserved works, the old woman in charge, looking up through the area railings, took him for the cat's-meat man, and told him he needn't come again, since some rascal had stolen her cat. The best stories recorded by Moore are his Lordship's; but Moore was an unsafe carrier of a joke. In his *Diary*, edited by Lord Russell, Canning is made to say that the Post Office refused to convey Sir John Cox Hippius's pamphlet in an official frank, because it was so bulky. Canning said heavy.

"It is wonderful," said Johnson, "to think how men of very large estates not only spend their yearly incomes, but are often actually in want of money. It is clear they have not value for what they spend. Lord Shelburne told me that a man of high rank, who looks into his own affairs, may have all he ought to have, all that can be of any use, or appear with advantage, for 5,000*l.* a year." The son's ordinary expenditure probably more than trebled the sum set down by the father (in 1778) as enough; but the third Marquis must have been an excellent manager, or he could not have done what he did with an income not half the amount of many received by nobles and commoners, who muddle away their fortunes, or suffer them to accumulate, without doing good to anybody. To our minds, it is still more wonderful to think that it never crosses the mind of a man with from fifty to a hundred thousand a year, or a million in the funds, that he may add ineffably to the happiness or comfort of half the people with whom he lives in intimacy, or of a dozen families taken at random, without the smallest deduction from his own or his heir's superfluities. The thought frequently occurred to Lord Lansdowne, who also knew and felt that the haunts of squalid poverty are not the places where objects of benevolence must exclusively be sought; and that, amongst the severest sufferers from pecuniary embarrassment, are persons in a higher walk of life painfully struggling to keep up appearances. We know of three recent instances in which, with a graceful reference to the privileges of age, he placed large sums (two of 1000*l.* each) at the disposal of ladies of condition, who had no sort of claim upon him besides sudden and unmerited distress. The affectionate gratitude inspired by him in one to whom he had been "patient and kind through many a wild appeal," is beautifully expressed in the Dedication of *The Lady of La Garaye*. The morning after Rogers' bank was robbed, Lord Lansdowne wrote to say that his entire balance at his banker's was at the service of the aged poet. The considerate kindness and generosity shown to Moore, and continued to his widow, by the lord and lady of Bowood, form part of the literary annals of the country.

Lord Lansdowne's literary acquirements were precisely of the kind required by his position and society. He was well versed in the English, French, and Italian classics; and he knew enough of most subjects to lead the conversation upon them till it was taken up by those who had made them an especial study. He had no particular liking for science, although he delighted in the society of such men as Lyell, Owen, Brewster, Wheatstone,

and Murchison; and he was extremely amused with the matter-of-fact earnestness of one of them, who—when a very eminent statesman laughingly remarked that, according to Darwin's theory, a starfish might become an Archbishop of Canterbury, passing through the intermediate stage of a Bishop of Oxford—gravely assured his Lordship that no such transmutation could take place.

When some one was mentioned as a fine old gentleman to Swift, he exclaimed with violence that there was no such thing. "If the man you speak of had either a mind or a body worth a farthing, they would have worn him out long ago." Yet surely the term is fairly applicable to one like Lord Lansdowne, who, without deep passions, high imagination or wearing intensity of thought, retains his flow of mind, his taste, his memory, his sensibility, his attachments, his rational pleasures, his eagerness to give pleasure and confer benefits, at eighty-two. Any deduction to be made on the score of his deafness was more than counterbalanced by his mode of bearing up against this infirmity. On a summer's evening, soon after the appearance of the *Idylls of the King*, he was seated on a lawn not far from Kensington between two handsome sisters; one of whom read "*Vivian*" with that sweet clear voice which Shakespeare calls "an excellent thing in woman." Nor did the group strike any one as incongruous. No one understood better the art of growing old; and if there be any truth in Rochefoucauld's maxim—*on est plus heureux par le sentiment qu'on a, que par le sentiment qu'on inspire*—most assuredly (fatuity apart) those that can admire, adore, love longest, have the best of it.

The week before his accident, he was slowly wending his way to Jeff's, in Burlington-arcade, to order M. Van de Weyer's sparkling brochure. Three days before he died, he was reading and discussing Kinglake's *History*. He sank gradually without pain, and when he breathed his last, seemed rather to fall into a deep sleep than to die.

Johnson, following in the wake of the Roxan satirist, indignantly proclaims:—

See nations, slowly wise and meanly just,  
To buried Merit raise the tardy bust.

Lord Lansdowne's contemporaries are not open to this reproach. On his retirement from public life, a subscription (limited to a guinea each, in order to comprise the greatest number of subscribers) was set on foot, to present him with a bust of himself. It was executed by Marochetti, and, with a Latin inscription from the classic pen of Hallam, now stands in the inner hall at Bowood. Fortunate in all things, he enjoyed in his lifetime what is commonly a posthumous tribute; and he read in marble the chosen words—more lasting than marble—in which his name and memory will be handed down to posterity by those who knew him best.

#### LITERARY HONESTY.

A QUESTION has lately been raised which has a great interest for all who busy themselves with producing fugitive literature of the higher sort, and has some importance for that large portion of the public to which this literature is addressed. The question is as to the amount of honesty that can fairly be expected in this kind of writing; and in a time when there is so much mock honesty, and so much partial honesty which cannot be justified, it is as well to understand every case in which some degree of reticence is justifiable, or at least claims to be so. It is so obvious that no one can suppose it to be a secret, that persons who write for any publication which is a joint enterprise, and which addresses in a fugitive way a great variety of readers, must write under certain limitations. They cannot go very deeply into any subject, for they cannot pass the limits of comprehension open to every tolerably educated person. They must be clear, and they must be intelligible, without much thought being expended to understand them. They have to work for a common object, which cannot be obtained unless all the labourers make some concessions, and which might very easily be defeated if all opinions were recklessly blurted out. Undoubtedly, the habit of writing or speaking within certain recognised limits tends to create a disposition to shrink from all startling conclusions, and to stop short in chains of reasoning. Practice gives a power of being definite only so long as precision will be welcomed, and of becoming hazy when vagueness is likely to answer best. The very necessity for this sort of judicious obscurity creates an aptitude for producing it. There is therefore a sort of truth in the observation not unfrequently made, that this sort of utterance of opinions and feelings is a small thing, that it leads to insincerity, and that it cramps the intellect by inspiring a belief that being cramped answers very well in its way. Perhaps the great wish which modern society displays for fugitive literature, or for spoken outpourings on important subjects under circumstances which preclude a thoroughly unfettered expression of thought, may be some justification for the supply of this want. A writer may be entitled to set the good against the evil, and to hope that this half-honesty may have some sort of edification of its own. It ought also to be admitted that the public may be supposed to accept what is given to it on the condition on which it is offered, and that everybody may be supposed to know the degree of honesty which is aimed at in fugitive literature. This seems to us undeniable. No one, as a matter of fact, does expect that a paper like the *Times*, which treats on current politics and speaks freely of living persons, will say to the last sentence all the thoughts which the

subject suggests. But although this consideration brings the discussion of the honesty to be fairly required in fugitive literature within the bounds of common sense, it is not wholly satisfactory. It does not do fugitive literature justice. The honesty that belongs to it is really much greater than might appear at first, and this is a point on which it is worth while to insist with some little urgency.

There floats through the head of many people an uneasy idea that, if they did but say out all that they had to say, they would say something tremendous. They can easily amuse themselves by picturing the martyrdom which their honesty would entail on them, the sacrifices they would have to undergo, and the cheerfulness with which, if they did but take the first plunge, they would bear everything that might be inflicted on them. And the very character which fugitive literature assumes, its mixture of plainness and obscurity, and the combined strength and weakness of its reasoning, naturally produces an impression on its readers that the writers could say something very much more startling and piquant or extreme if they pleased. Now in nine cases out of ten this is a mere fallacy. Writers have got nothing to say which they keep concealed. Let any man who thinks he has, but who at the same time is not conscious exactly what it is, try a very simple experiment. Let him put down on a piece of paper, after an hour's steady reflection, all the propositions which he would like to lay before the public if he dared. He will most likely find that he has no such propositions at his command. It is most probable that in these days theology will furnish him with a large portion of his doubts. But if he will ask himself what theological truths he is prepared to utter, which he has in a presentable shape, and is quite sure of, and thinks new enough and true enough to enforce on him the duty of throwing them in the face of an unwilling public at all hazards, he will soon learn how much and how little he has got to say. It is probable that there will be many things which he would be sorry either to have openly to teach or openly to condemn, but that is not the point. He may very easily go on very comfortably without having to touch on these things. The real question for him is to ascertain what opinions he has that he thinks ought to be professed, which he nevertheless conceals. It would be absurd to say that it is the duty of every man, if he writes at all, to discuss small theological difficulties for ever. Some minds must be permitted to think and write on subjects which have some connexion with theology, and yet not go into the points of theology that lie nearest their theme. If a writer has a definite opinion on a leading question, which forces itself on his attention, and on which he cannot help touching, then, no doubt, he is not honest if he will not let this opinion appear. A writer, for example, who thought that the Church of England was a pernicious institution could hardly be honest if he so wrote as to make it be supposed that he approved of it. But a man who wishes to uphold the Church of England, and thinks its doctrines have a great amount of truth in them, is quite at liberty to let this opinion appear, without stating with which of the Thirty-nine Articles he disagrees, if he disagrees with any. He is not dishonest; for although, in one sense, he conceals an opinion, he believes that the opinion he conceals is immaterial. There is no great important truth locked up in the recesses of his mind.

There is also much less dishonesty than might at first sight appear in expressing opinions that have to be shaped so as to square tolerably well with the opinions of other contributors to a joint enterprise. A man often gains quite as much as he loses by writing in conjunction with other people. It is true that he must consider what they have said, or are going to say, and must take care not to be in flagrant contradiction. But if he loses by thus taking some of his thoughts to order, he gains by the teaching which other minds can give him. It must, of course, be understood that there is a general agreement between the writers, or they would not be connected in a common undertaking. But, in small matters, he has often to be guided by what others think, or have said. It is surprising, however—if his fellow-labourers are sensible, straightforward, competent people—how very often he finds that the opinions he has thus had forced on him are really true. Unless he is vain and foolish enough to believe that whatever he thinks on the first survey of a subject must necessarily be right, he will be prepared to see that a light in which a point of current interest did not strike him was either altogether a true light, or was at least one in which it was very desirable, in the interests of truth itself, that the matter should be brought before the world. It must not be supposed that he is practically called on to take up a line with which he thoroughly disagrees. He merely has to endure that other people with whom he is connected should express opinions that seem to him faulty; and all the dishonesty that, at the most, can be laid to his charge is, that he manages so to write on other subjects as not to contradict the writings of those from whom he differs. Here, again, it might be almost enough to say that no one expects he should go out of his way to utter an uncalled-for contradiction, and that he may reasonably sink minor points of difference in a general agreement. But there is more to be said than this. He finds that this very process to which he is obliged to submit is very often the means of leading him to see truths which, if in his hot haste he had considered himself bound to express his first crude thoughts, would probably have escaped him altogether.

There are, however, some writers who do not compose fugitive literature—who make it their business to take up grave subjects, and to think them out, and who have a duty which they recognise and discharge, to let the world know the conclusions at which

they have arrived. It appears to us to be an essential part of the honesty of the writers of fugitive literature to show, by every means in their power, that they appreciate and honour the honesty which different circumstances make of a different kind from their own. They should always take care to preach the great superiority of the work of laborious thinkers who strive to exhaust a subject, over their own, which only aims at speaking a practical, partial, and transitory truth. They should insist, so far as they can, on the recognition of the merit of honesty of this deliberate kind, both when it appears in great and when it appears in small minds. It is quite open to a critic to agree or disagree with the view of the Greek character which Mr. Grote unfolds in his history. But the critic is bound to make it evident that he understands what is due to a man who, like Mr. Grote, has tried to exhaust all the materials accessible to him, and has devoted through many years the efforts of a powerful and practised intellect to discovering what the Greeks were really like. In the same way, the tribute due to the honesty of a small mind should be equally paid. The Bishop of Natal has a small mind. He busies himself with minute points, and omits to notice the larger aspects of great questions. But though he has a small mind, he has an honest mind; and a critic who professes no opinion as to the theological questions suggested by him is still conducing to raise the general standard of literary honesty when he points out that the honesty of a small mind has a nobleness of its own. If this were not done occasionally, and whenever a fair opportunity arises, the readers of fugitive literature might suppose that its writers believed that freedom of opinion and thought need never pass the limits which, in their own case, have been very properly assigned them. On the other hand, an ungrudging recognition of the worth of the sustained and unfettered thought of great minds, and of the moral dignity of the unflinching truthfulness of small minds, keeps the public from this error, and impresses on those who give utterance to it the true sense of their own intellectual position.

#### THE HAPPINESS OF HAVING A HOBBY.

THERE are two mental characteristics which have something in common, and yet imply very different degrees of human happiness. There are crotchets, and there are hobbies. A man is called crotchety when he is under the dominion of one idea, or set of ideas, to such an extent that the soundness of his judgment is thereby affected. A crotchet is a creature of the brain, which gradually takes despotism possession of the understanding. It is a sort of mental cancer, which throws out one fibre after another, until a firm hold is gained over the whole intellect. Its outward and visible signs are familiar to all. There is the barrister whose study of black-letter law precludes him from taking a sensible view of any case you lay before him. There is the clergyman who would be twice as useful in his generation if he could divest his mind of sundry quirks. There is the physician who would cure his patients if he could cure himself of his own nostrum. There is the artist who would paint nature admirably if his peculiar views on art would allow him. There is the general who would win battles if it were not for a whim about his men's cartouches-boxes. Whether a crotchet is evolved from within, or propagated from without by some accident of training or circumstance, the effects are the same and equally mischievous. A hobby is something quite different. The common notion we associate with it is that of a pursuit to which a disproportionate time is devoted, regard being had to the greater interests of life. If a crotchet indicates something abnormal in the mind, from a hobby we infer some eccentricity of a practical kind. A hobby might almost be defined as a crotchet that finds a vent and relief for itself in action. Action is as necessary for the mind as exercise for the body, or as light and air to the plant. The shrub that is buried under the impenetrable shade of some vast South American forest grows up weak and stunted and sickly. But give it room and air and sunshine, and it will shoot with new life and vigour. So it is with the human mind. Pent in its own narrow limits, and forced, as it were, to prey on itself, it loses all the healthy elasticity of its tone, and becomes morbid and emasculate, an easy victim to its own fancies and delusions. But if an outlet be found for its energies in some practical channel, if it be freely exposed to the wholesome contact with other minds and other sympathies, its humours and distempers are purged away, and it becomes healthy and robust. Action is the great curative of idiosyncratic flaws; and a hobby, so far as it involves active employment, is part of a remedial process which has brought ease and happiness to unnumbered patients.

But the special aim of a hobby is to give a point and relish to all that portion of human existence which is spent neither in sleep nor professional work. The province of leisure is a sort of debatable land, lying between a vortex of business on the one hand, and absolute repose on the other. It may be invaded from either side. Restlessness and stagnation struggle for the mastery. Hours of leisure degenerate either into an indolent folding of the hands, or, under the spur of an over-active temperament, into a period of unremunerative business. Englishmen, in particular, constantly err in one or other of these extremes. Who does not know the melancholy spectacle of Paterfamilias in his moments of recreation? No one has a profounder reverence for the summer holidays; no one understands less how to use them. Either he views them as a time when his mind is to lie entirely fallow, in which case they soon become insufferably wearisome; or he cannot,

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even for an interval, shake off the trammels of his ordinary work, to which, however he may persuade himself to the contrary, he is in reality fretting to return. In either case a hobby would be invaluable. The supine man would gain a new interest; the fussy man a vent for his superabundant energy. The one would find some more wholesome employment than the "damned iteration" of the pier or the parade; the other would cease to badger his wife and family in default of a manlier sport. A hobby, from the lowest point of view, means the pure gain of so much innocent pleasure. But it may serve a much higher purpose also. There are lives, even the best and noblest, which strike an observer with a sense of incompleteness. They are full of rough energy and mental power, but lack smoothness and roundness, and, as it were, finish. Much has been given—great gifts of intellect, great moral qualities—and something has been withheld. There is a want of skill in shaping to the best advantage the materials out of which common everyday happiness is to be carved. The very absence of pettiness blinds a man to the fact that it is on a great many small things that social happiness depends. They appear too flimsy and insignificant to affect the even tenour of his way. He sees the necessity of working by rule—he cannot understand that life is to be enjoyed by rule. For the want of this inner tact the best remedy is a hobby. One pet pursuit, one genuine interest, will give at once a new flavour to existence, and add immeasurably to happiness. It matters not much what the hobby be, so long as it is followed with sufficient zest and tenacity. All the better if it be of a kind to benefit one's fellow-creatures; but this is not its primary aim, which is one's own moral improvement, or one's own rational enjoyment. Nor need any despair of finding a hobby. Every man has a dormant one, which only needs development. A very little self-examination will disclose it. Consult your own tastes and habits, and they will guide you to your hobby. If your disposition is sedentary, it will take some such form as the composition of a book. Whether that book ever meet the public eye is wholly immaterial. It is probably much better that it never should. But it will have served the salutary purpose of a hobby, if it has concentrated upon itself all the spare energies of your young manhood, or gathered round it the waifs and strays of every day experience and conversation. If you are active and fond of movement, the pursuit of botany or archeology will send you off at every available opportunity peering after heaths and ferns, or scouring the country in gigs, in quest of Roman masonry or Saxon arches. Be your hobby what it may, it has this advantage—that wherever you go, there, like your shadow, it goes too. Thus armed, you may defy *ennui*. Given an interest in church architecture, and a fortnight at Calais loses all its terrors. To the eyes of the amateur engineer a month in the Lincolnshire fens would present nothing but endless matter for wonder and delight.

There are hobbies that may be called typical, as being shared by great numbers of persons. With women, none is such a favourite as the education of the poor. To a Japanese ambassador taking a cursory view of British institutions, it might almost seem that the object of national education was to find work for unmarried ladies of active habits. Certainly one of its most salient features is the countless swarm of parasitical spinsters that have fastened on its sides, hungry for employment. All honour to the fair philanthropists, from the gushing Miss who finds the fat lipping babies so irresistible, to her maturer associate in the same field, who makes the teacher's morals the object of her peculiar solicitude and observation. Two instincts draw women to the congenial sphere of a school—the instinct to manage, and the instinct to meddle. The first is comparatively innocuous. Its earliest symptom is the love of a doll, and it continues gathering strength from the doll epoch to the time when it spends itself harmlessly, and even profitably, on the details of domestic economy. Between those two periods something else must be found to be managed, and for this few things come in more conveniently than the village school. It is an exquisite pleasure to a young girl to pull about other girls a little younger. To have a reading-class, or a sewing-class, or a cooking-class has become one of the prerogatives of sweet sixteen. But it is at a period much nearer the grand climacteric that the school-hobby is developed in its full intensity. The educational old maid is a creature *sui generis*. Many and great are the services she renders to her country—perhaps not the least, the wholesome raw she establishes in the body of any institution with which she is connected. If she influences the school, the school reacts upon her. It purges her nature of its soft and womanly elements, and replaces them by the angularity of a well-informed governess. What would she do if there were nothing to criticize, nobody to lecture, no tiny irregularities to ferret out, no school children to bully and pet by turns, no flirtations (teachers are but human) to pry into and denounce, no department of State to pester with a thousand trivial questions—no miniature world, in short, over which to enact the part of a small square-toed Providence, governing by a system of punishments and rewards? How flat and stale would life be with no Revised Codes to discuss, and no Ladies' Committee to discuss them before! Her hobby alone preserves her from subsiding into one of those amiable and undemonstrative maiden aunts whom it is the fashion with lady novelists to represent as unfolding the romantic page of their early life for the benefit of their youthful relatives.

Music is another hobby adopted by many. With women, it is apt to be an accomplishment, and nothing more; but the male amateur generally takes it up for its own sake, and as a means of mental relaxation. Few hobbies are capable of affording so much pure and elevating pleasure—few require to be kept so much in

check. There seems to be in music a special tendency to engross the mind of its votary. It will have all or none of him, and this makes it a dangerous pursuit for a young man who depends on his own energies for a livelihood. It is always trying to kick over the traces within which a hobby should quietly run side by side with the serious work of life. But, kept within due bounds, it has been the solace and delight of numberless working men in every class of society, and one of the best moral tonics. It is difficult to measure with accuracy the happiness which any hobby confers. It is not a mere lump, clearly defined and easily recognisable, but rather a particular current of enjoyment set flowing through a variety of delicate and imperceptible channels. To a musical man, music is much more than a crude mass of operas and oratorios. It does not begin and end in his own performance on the flute or cornet-à-piston. It is this and something else also—the informing spirit of his leisure hours. It is in giving an interest which it might otherwise lack to nearly a third part of his lifetime that its value as a hobby consists. Its influence is traceable in all he says or does. When he reads, it is the *Life of Mozart*, or the *Letters of Mendelssohn*. When he travels, it is to hear the Haarlem organ. At a dinner party, he falls to cross-examining the young lady next him on her musical tastes. In a railway, he speculates whether the whistle that starts the train is in C sharp or A natural, and wonders whether his opposite neighbour has a barytone voice or a tenor. The world around assumes a particular tinge, just as it does to one who views it through coloured spectacles.

As science advances, new hobbies are developed. Photography is the fashionable one just now. The number of young men who have taken to lugging an unwieldy apparatus up steep hill-sides, and disfiguring their fingers by a coating of chemicals, is decidedly on the increase. It is hardly considerate of the amateur photographer to try his 'prentice hand on the physiognomy of his friends and relatives. The result generally is a possible murderer, or murderess, faintly visible through an atmosphere of profound gloom. One other hobby we may specify as incident to these later times, which has achieved a European celebrity. The Volunteer movement has done a great deal. It has dissipated several Continental illusions. It has made that "moral support" of which we are so lavish, a reality. It has added weight and dignity to our foreign policy. This, and much more has it done; but in its home aspect, perhaps, the most remarkable feature of the whole has been the discovery it has made of the vast number of our staid, sober, middle-aged fellow-countrymen who were yearning for a hobby, with which the invasion panic has fortunately supplied them. What else can account for the extraordinary zest with which elderly barristers and merchants have thrown themselves upon their new employment? Of their patriotism, no one can doubt; but it is no disparagement to a man's patriotism to say, that when he reads, writes, and speaks about nothing but battalion drill, volunteering with him is a labour of love, or, in other words, a hobby. It is pleasant to reflect what an interest in life distrust of the Emperor Napoleon has procured for many an inhabitant of these islands. There is something almost pathetic in the thought that the vague longings of many hobby-less bosoms in prosaic middle age have at last been satisfied, and find their expression in the familiar processes of shouldering arms and standing at ease.

Let us, in conclusion, indicate the limits of the hobby proper. In the first place, it ought to be strictly a *πάρεργον*—some pursuit which accompanies the main business of life, and alternates with it, but at the same time owns its suzerainty. Tactics were not Marlborough's hobby, nor was music Handel's, nor literature Johnson's. These were the chief work, not the off-work, of their lives. A hobby therefore ceases to be a hobby if it exceeds the bounds which by its very nature are assigned to it. And secondly, if not useful, it should at least be harmless. A hobby for investing your little all in a dubious tin-mine, or for supplying Spain with British donkeys, is rightly considered mere idiocy. Lastly, it should inflict no injury on others, but be, if possible, of a kind to attract their sympathy. A hobby which fulfils these three conditions is a real boon to *ennui*-stricken humanity, and one of the best guarantees of a happy and contented life.

#### GAME LAWS.

IT is curious how a traditional formula will sometimes survive and have a practical influence for ages, till at last it comes to have an effect directly opposite to that which was originally intended. This cannot be more conspicuously shown than in the doctrine of *fera natura*, which has been the groundwork of the two most opposite systems of legislation which can well be imagined. Nothing can be more unlike to modern Game-laws, even in their most mitigated form, than the teaching of the Civil Law with regard to the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air. Yet both equally spring from the doctrine of *fera natura*—the doctrine that there can be no property in a wild animal till it is caught or killed. Nothing can be more opposed to the feelings of a modern game-preserved than the way in which Justinian deals with this delicate subject. His doctrine briefly is this:—Creatures *fera natura* belong to no man; everybody has a right to catch them everywhere; only, as no man has a right to trespass on another's ground for any purpose, he has no right to do so in pursuit of game. In Justinian's eyes, the poacher is merely a trespasser. As a trespasser, he may be ordered off; but his taking the game is no aggravation of his trespass. To the mass of squires, the Emperor

who put forth such heresy would seem deserving of instant deposition. It was no wonder if the conquests of such a prince proved transitory, and if his dome fell down almost as soon as it was built. But the doctrine of the Institutes is the natural deduction from the doctrine of the *fera natura*; and though the Game-laws are certainly not a natural deduction from that doctrine, yet they assume it at every step. If a live hare or a live pheasant were property, there would be no occasion for special Game-laws; they might be left to be protected by the same enactments, or at least by enactments of the same class, as those which protect our sheep and our cocks and hens. If game were property, the poacher would be simply a thief. As it is, he is, in many people's eyes, something much worse than a thief; but a thief he certainly is not. He breaks the law in all kinds of ways, but not in the way of taking another man's goods. For the hares and pheasants are *fera natura*; therefore they are no man's property. Justinian's deduction was that, being no man's property, anybody might take them, subject only to the law of trespass. The game-preserver's deduction is that, being no man's property, they require a special protection, which property does not. The two deductions are exactly opposite to each other, but both start from the same original premiss.

The subject of Game-laws is one which very few people can approach quite dispassionately. On the one hand, there is the sportsman feeling which looks upon a Game-law as more sacred than any other law, which supposes wild animals to have been specially created for the amusement of the lords of the soil, and which, by a very modern development indeed, invests the life of the fox with a mysterious sanctity. A man of this sort would not indeed deliberately argue that a poacher is worse than a murderer, but it is clear that he feels a sort of special horror of a poacher which he does not feel for a murderer. Where this sort of feeling prevails, the whole series of questions connected with field sports are held to be something too sacred for argument. A mere doubt, a mere hint, is worse than any religious or political heresy. Better write a thousand volumes of Essays and Reviews than propose any change in Game-laws, except to make them stricter. Better conspire to blow up the Queen and the Three Estates than slay the fox that lays waste your hen-roosts without the orthodox accompaniments of horse, hound, and horn.

All this is very silly one way, but there is an opposite sort of talk which is just as silly. When some town-bred Radical draws a picture of the poor man urged by hunger to knock down a hare or a rabbit for his starving children, he draws a picture of something as unlike as anything can be to the ordinary poacher. The stock case of orators of this kind may indeed happen now and then, and there probably was a time when it did happen much oftener than it does now. But the ordinary poacher is quite a different sort of person. He is, for the most part, a ruffian for whom Mr. Bright ought to have as little sympathy as Lord Derby. In nine cases out of ten, poaching is his regular business. He is anything but the model working man of popular talkers. In fact, the lawful and the unlawful sportsman have much in common. The man who can think and talk of nothing but dogs and guns would, if he had been born in another walk of life, have preferred poaching to honest labour. Changes in the law and changes in habits have greatly degraded the calling of both. There was once something of enterprise and excitement both in the lawful and in the unlawful form of sport. But what once was a chase has now become a massacre. To breed pheasants, to slay them by wholesale, and to send their bodies to market, is a trade, and nothing else. For an interloper to slay them and send them to market instead, is undoubtedly an unlawful interference with such a trade, of which the tradesman may reasonably complain. Undoubtedly we sympathize with the man who sells what is his own against the man who sells what he steals from somebody else. But to make it a matter of sentiment is ridiculous. The game-preserver whose battue is spoiled by the poacher can at any rate not claim more sympathy than the hen-wife who loses her chickens and turkeys. The trade of both is unlawfully interfered with, and that is all.

But though the poacher is anything but the meek oppressed man whom his friends tell us about, there is a certain germ of truth at the bottom of their declamations. When an orator tells the people that they are oppressed in all sorts of ways by Norman tyrants, he talks arrant nonsense. But if he confined himself to saying that the Game-laws are a vestige of Norman tyranny, he would say what is historically true. As long as a man needs any sort of qualification, licence, or certificate to enable him to sport on his own ground, we have gone back from where we were in the days of Cnut. The laws of the illustrious Dane shelter the Royal Forests by severe penalties, but they fully assert the right of every free man to take what wild creatures he pleases on his own ground. It is certain that to go back to Cnut's law would not profit the ordinary poacher. The poacher has commonly no land of his own to hunt on, and he would certainly gain nothing by reviving Cnut's penalties against those who hunt on the land of other people. But till the qualification was exchanged for a purchasable certificate, the small freeholder laboured under a real hardship, and even now it is a sort of restriction on a man's natural freedom that he has, in free and constitutional England, to pay for what both Justinian and Cnut assert to be his natural right. All this in no way directly affects the ordinary poacher, but it has a great deal to do with the popular feeling against the Game-laws. The Game-law, alike in its harshest and in its mildest form, has always been hated, because it has been always felt to be a law established not for the general advantage, but for the advantage of a particular class.

The old traditional hatred still cleaves, and will cleave, to a law made for the benefit of a class and administered by the class for whose benefit it is made. The common laws for the protection of life and property benefit every man, rich and poor; the Game-law benefits only the rich. The magistrate who convicts a thief acts in the interest of every man in the Court; the magistrate who convicts a poacher commonly acts in the interest of nobody but those on the bench. Popular feeling, therefore, goes with his office in the one case, and goes against it in the other. The number of magistrates who would consciously pervert the law to convict a poacher is probably very small; but the number of magistrates who unconsciously carry to the bench the passions of the preserve is very large. Nearly every magistrate is either himself a game-preserver, or is on intimate terms with game-preservers; the offence is one directly against his class; he will be something more than mortal if he does not, in spite of himself, carry with him a keener appetite for the conviction of a poacher than for the conviction of an offender of any other kind. The thing has an ill look. The trespass may, perhaps, have been committed against a magistrate actually on the bench. He of course retires, that he may not be a judge in his own cause; but the cause is judged by his friends and neighbours, alongside of whom he was sitting a moment before. Substantial justice is doubtless done in most cases; the poacher is almost always a rascal, who gets no harder sentence than he deserves. He is often a greater rascal than the common thief or other offender, because his rascality is more systematic. But it cannot be said that his misdeeds are judged by a really impartial tribunal. The cases of distinct injustice are rare; but justice is in no such case beyond suspicion.

We said that the poacher is commonly a rascal; and so he is. The breaking of law, be the law good or bad, begets a habit of lawlessness; and, of all forms of lawlessness, poaching is the most likely to lead to generally idle and dissolute habits. Yet, undoubtedly, many a man, at all events at the beginning of his career, does not scruple to be a poacher who would altogether scruple to be a thief. There are sheepstealers and there are fowlstealers, but nobody finds it needful to keep a regiment of keepers and watchers to protect his sheep and his fowls. Of course, one cause is that a sheep or a fowl may be sworn to, but a hare or a pheasant cannot. But this is not all. There are plenty of people who never poach themselves, who look on poaching and stealing with very different eyes. Popular feeling supports the law in one case and opposes it in the other. And so it always will under the present system. As the law now stands, poaching may be something worse than stealing, but it is not stealing. The pheasants are not the squire's pheasants, after all. The law is broken in a dozen ways to get at them; but it is not broken in the particular way of stealing. As long as this is the case—as long as a certain line of conduct is forbidden under all sorts of severe and exceptional penalties, while the law still does not venture to apply to that line of conduct any name bringing it within the range of the Ten Commandments—so long popular feeling will not look upon it as a moral offence, but as a mere pardonable breach of an arbitrary rule.

Now, what is the remedy? In legislating on this matter, several considerations must be put out of sight which may well be weighed in moralizing about it. It may possibly be doubted whether the shooting of pheasants, as it is often pursued, is a practice worth any man's keeping up at the cost which it sometimes involves both to himself and to others. A strict moralist may, perhaps, doubt whether, for the sake of killing and eating, or killing and selling, a few birds, a man is justified in putting a strong and needless temptation in the way of a large class of his neighbours. It may be doubted, when one reads of the horrible affrays between keepers and poachers, whether some portion of the guilt does not lie with those who expose their fellow-creatures to such a danger for an object so utterly inadequate. These are considerations which, with the moralist, may weigh a great deal, but which, with the legislator, can go no further than to induce him to refuse to the game-preserver any sort of exceptional protection. The law must assume, with King Cnut, the right of every man to pursue game on his own ground, and it must give that right the same amount of reasonable protection as all other rights. What form should such protection take? The principle of the *fera natura* leads at once by a natural deduction to the doctrine of the Civil Law, but this doctrine could be carried out only in a way which would make matters worse than they are. If poaching were to be, as Justinian makes it, merely a trespass, the law of trespass must be made indefinitely more severe. Such a change would injure all sorts of innocent people. All kinds of paths and pleasant places, which the world at large is allowed to enjoy without any strict right, would at once be shut up. Every neighbourhood would be supplied with a new and more fertile source of vexatious disputes. The obvious thing, then, is wholly to give up the doctrine of *fera natura*, which has been wrested into consequences so utterly contrary to its original meaning. Let game be declared to be property, and let it have the same protection as other property, no less and no more. Let the man who steals a pheasant be arraigned as a thief, just like the man who steals a duck or a turkey. Such a change ought to do something at least to diminish the distinction which the popular mind will ever draw between the ordinary protection of property and the exceptional protection of something which is acknowledged not to be property. One distinction of course must be drawn between wild and tame creatures. As the wild creatures are apt to stray and are hard to identify, the property in them must be temporary. That is, they must belong to the man

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on whose ground they are at the time. This is the simple principle of the law of Caut. It would not do to have a state of things in which, if A's hares or pheasants come on B's land, B may not shoot, but must impound them. We have heard this proposal in its most general form approved both by sportsmen and by non-sportsmen, and it seems to be the dictate of common sense.

To declare wild animals property would also remedy another grievance. Here and there men may be found who like to surround their houses with other sort of animals beside beasts and birds of chase. Some people, like Mr. Waterton, like to encourage every sort of creature, not positively noxious, which will take up its abode on their estates. Many people encourage rooks; a few here and there find enjoyment in the presence of owls and woodpeckers. Their taste is at least as reasonable as that of preserving pheasants. If any rascal had come and wantonly destroyed Mr. Waterton's feathered friends, the injury would surely have been just as real as any injury done to the game-preserver. Each is injured in a taste, in a fancy, in something which he may quite well do without, but in which he may fairly ask for a reasonable protection. The naturalist now has no protection at all, except in the case of animals actually in confinement. Make wild animals property, and an owl would have the same protection as a pheasant. And it would be worth some little trouble to do something to check a generation of rascals who come down from London and catch all the nightingales and other singing-birds. The poor creatures are sent off like slaves from Guinea to Cuba; a large proportion of course die in the middle passage, and the rest are shut up in narrow cages for the amusement of cockneys. We have heard of a gentleman who found it desirable to pay the invaders black mail, and who bought the liberty of his own nightingales at their market price as captives. It would probably be harder to stop this vile kind of poaching than any other; but it is at least worth trying, and it would be something to brand the birdcatcher as not only a trespasser, but a thief.

#### THE PARTISANS OF THE NORTH.

MR. ADAMS has this week given an audience to the Committee of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society. None of the members of this committee were persons whose opinions are of any importance beyond the narrow cliques to which they belong, and only one or two of them bore names at all known to fame. We believe that Mr. Adams has lately received a good many obscure deputations of this kind; and we should not have noticed the recent proceedings of the Anti-Slavery Society, were it not for a remarkable circumstance connected with them. We have said that one or two members of the Committee bore rather well-known names. It was characteristic of this particular deputation, and it must have suggested some curious reflections to Mr. Adams, that these personages were not only members of the Peace Society, but had succeeded in stamping their peculiar opinions on an address, intended to be congratulatory, and addressed to himself, the representative of the United States at the present crisis, with a view to its transmission to the President. We will not now ask how Mr. Gurney and Mr. Sturge came to pay such a visit at all. We will only quote—for the information of the public, and the mystification of those members of the Anti-Slavery Society who are not members of its committee—the passage which was, we presume, the price paid for the presence of the possessors of such honoured names. After thanking the President for his proclamation, the address proceeds:—

The Committee feel themselves called upon formally to record that, deprecating war as opposed to the spirit and the precepts of the Gospel, they regard with unmitigated sorrow the fratricidal conflict between the two sections of the American Union, and sincerely desire its speedy termination; while they protest against the assumption that the approval of the President's proclamation implies, on their part, a sanction of the conflict, or is an encouragement to its continuance.

So the Committee of the Anti-Slavery Society approve of the proclamation, and disapprove of the war! Denouncing the war, they applaud what is avowed to be a war measure. Seeking, in their fantastical Pharisaism, to wash their hands of the war, and to leave its guilt to others, they would fain lodge a claim to a share in the anticipated glory of an achievement to which the only path is through war of the bloodiest and most disastrous kind. These men, with sanctimonious utterance, tell the President of the United States that they abhor as unchristian both wars in general and his own war in particular, and then insult him with the expression of their thanks for an act which is a piece of idle bombast and aimless rhetoric unless it is followed up by war. It surely requires a peculiarly constituted mind to condemn what is of the very essence of a policy, and to commend what can be obtained only through such a policy—to denounce its general scope, and to be enthusiastic about a matter of detail which will be retained or cast aside as the exigencies of events may demand. Yet this is all that was contained in the "minute," as the Anti-Slavery Society pompously called their address. We have denunciation of the war; approval of the Proclamation; regret that President Lincoln did not emancipate the slaves in the States he can reach; hope that the slaves would not rise in those he cannot reach. For the rest, several members of the Committee made little speeches. A Mr. Kirtland informed Mr. Adams that the people of East Kent had not the slightest sympathy with the cause of slavery; a Mr. Cropper, that the people of Liverpool were in favour of emancipation; a Dr. Burns declared "the great mass of the people in

this country was sound;" and a Dr. Waddington that the great mass soon would be "sound," through "the exertions of the ministers of different denominations," of whom Dr. Waddington himself, we believe, is one. As Mr. Adams was at the time daily expecting the announcement of two more pitched battles, and his Government was taking steps to furnish itself with the ways and means for two years more of carnage and devastation, such remarks, following such a "minute," must have given him a keen sense of the impertinence, inconsistency, and fatuity of some at least of those who claim to be, more than other Englishmen, the friends of his country.

No doubt this particular deputation was unfortunate. It could not manage to say exactly what it meant to say; or rather, it introduced a sentence into its "minute," which made the whole of it nonsense, because it could not otherwise obtain the support of two or three tolerably known names. The majority, probably, liked the proclamation so much, that, after the manner of enthusiasts, it did not think of inquiring how and at what cost it could be carried out. Emancipation being its one idea, it was impossible for it to think of anything else. The relative excellence of particular methods of effecting the emancipation of the negroes, and the greater or the smaller amount of mischief or peril that this or that method might involve, were equally disregarded. Unfortunately, however, in this instance, a few members of the Committee possessed not one, but two ideas. They believed that emancipation was desirable, and they believed also that war was sinful. But they resembled their fellows in this, that while they were quite incapable either of making their two ideas harmonize, or of admitting fairly that under the circumstances of the time they would not harmonize, and that one of them must therefore give way to the other, they were as exclusively absorbed in their two ideas as the others were absorbed in their one idea; and, like them, they were completely regardless of all the considerations and qualifications which occur to ordinary observers in the treatment of political questions. If the Committee-men unconnected with the Peace party had drawn the minute, they would, no doubt, have simply endorsed the policy of President Lincoln; and in applauding the proclamation, they would have applauded the machinery by which alone its promises can be realized. But, as it happened, they had to conciliate two members of the Peace party, who, unlike Mr. Bright, were unable to see that their old faith in peace is incompatible with faith in President Lincoln's proclamation. And, accordingly, the clause we have quoted was introduced, and the "minute" remains a signal monument of the absurdity into which the honest supporters of a great cause may be led, when they trust their instincts to the exclusion of common sense.

Of the partisans of the North it can at least be said that their faith is great. The proclamation of September, repeated as it was in January, is the solitary crumb that President Lincoln has yet thrown to them, and it affords the only sustenance yet vouchsafed to the believers. And they have been told over and over again, as Mr. Adams fairly told the Anti-Slavery Society on Tuesday, that the war is undertaken solely for the restoration of the Union, that the proclamation is a measure of political expediency, the work of the Executive only, and that if the President has now resolved, if he can, to destroy slavery, he has come to that resolution only for the supposed benefit of the Union. If the Northern generals gain the victories that have been so long delayed, the proclamation will perhaps take effect within a certain distance of the line of march of the victorious armies. If they continue to fail in attacking an enemy who can always choose his own ground, the proclamation will not only continue to be an idle menace, but will probably be rescinded by the Democratic party, who have never acknowledged the right of the Commander-in-Chief to issue it, and whose triumph the course of events seems now to be preparing. It is, therefore, in virtue of a political speculation of the most hazardous kind, that the partisans of the North encourage the war policy of President Lincoln. For the mere chance of seeing a hasty and ill-advised measure of emancipation issue from the war, they overlook a violation of the fundamental principles of popular government, and applaud the attempt of a majority to impose a particular form of government on a minority far too large, and occupying a territory far too extensive, to be subdued without years of strife and the shedding of torrents of blood. For this chance they encourage the continuance of a war which, after lasting for years, may end in the establishment of a union comprehending the Central and Southern States, with the institution of slavery, and which is almost sure to end in the independence of the Southern States, with such institutions as they may think fit to establish. For this chance they encourage the North to persevere in its hopeless task of invading the provinces of the enemy and attacking him on his chosen ground, when it might turn its forces, before they are exhausted, to the task of securing the possession of the Territories, and the means of ultimately surrounding the Slave States with a girdle of Free States. For this chance, members of the Peace Society forswear their principles, and some who, though never accused of recommending international responsibilities to be sacrificed to the maintenance of peace, would condemn a coalition for the deliverance of Poland, applaud the efforts of the North in a far more arduous, a far more questionable, and, it may be, a far more fatal, task. And all this calamity is to be brought upon the world, and all these perils are to be encountered, because there is the slightest conceivable chance that, at the cost of enormous bloodshed, and at the end of years of war, after the repeated defeats of an enemy hitherto

victorious, and who is sure to struggle for every square mile of territory and to defend every stream and every slope, the North may have on its hands at once the administration of conquered provinces more extensive than the whole of Germany, and the control of a scattered population, half of which will be bitterly hostile, and the other half will be passing through the crisis of a great social revolution.

Whatever its issue may be, the war must, in many forms and in various directions, leave its mark on the future. There is some ground for thinking that the Southern Confederacy will prove a great military power, formidable to the peace of the world. It is conceived that the Southern army, now that it has felt its existence and its power, will not easily suffer its strength to be reduced; and that it will find, in the unoccupied and restless population of poor freemen, an inexhaustible nursery of recruits. Without attempting to forecast the future, or to determine whether a Southern Confederacy will or will not be a great military power, we may, at least, be sure that it is easier to awaken than to still the military spirit of a people. And, if a new military power is indeed to be added to the calamities of the world, it will be remembered that the military spirit out of which it will have sprung was provoked by the Government which invaded the soil of the Southern people, and sought to restore them by force to a citizenship they detested. Mr. Adams has lately attempted to fix on the South the guilt of the war. The Southern States, he would have us believe, were determined on war, and the recognition of their independence would not have satisfied them. This may be true; but, if true, still it does not justify the North. It might have proved necessary to defend Washington, to fight for the possession of the Territories, or to fight for the possession of Western Virginia and Eastern Tennessee. But the possibility of this does not excuse the North for making no effort to avoid war, still less does it excuse its practical assertion of the divine right of the Union. It will be enough for future historians to examine the spirit of the American Constitution, and the clauses which indicate a Convention as the appropriate remedy for a political crisis. When they find that these were disregarded, and that the North, believing itself to be the stronger, hastened to accept the challenge offered by the South, and persisted in the struggle long after the unanimity of the hostile population had been ascertained, they will not hesitate to lay on the North the responsibility, not only of the carnage and misery of the war, but of the evil institutions which may have been engendered in the arena of force, to which, in the hour of its supposed strength, and not to the constitutional tribunal, the North preferred to appeal.

The assumption that the independence of the Southern States would involve the permanence of slavery is wholly groundless. The constitution of the human mind is the same between the Potomac and the Gulf of Mexico as it is in the rest of the world; and nature has not made the people of Virginia and Louisiana impervious to arguments which have penetrated the Court and the aristocracy of Russia. If the slavery of the South is worse in its economical and moral results than the serfdom of Russia, the people of the South are not so entirely excluded from the influence of public opinion, and from intercourse with the rest of the world, as to remain for ever in their delusion. Till lately, it is true, the willing countenance of a great people of freemen, themselves holding no slaves, has given an artificial support to the opinions on which the institution of slavery rests; and the name of the Union has shielded them from the condemnation of the world, as the flag of the Union has shielded from British cruisers the ships of slavers and of filibusters. But an independent South will have to face the world alone, to answer alone for its own opinions, and to encounter alone, if need be, the censure of Christendom. It has been usual, of late years, to rely on the native force of reason and truth, and to discountenance all attempts to propagate or check by force the growth of political and social institutions. But there are now signs abroad of a tendency to distrust the power of reason and truth, and to believe, for instance, that if the Union is not maintained by arms, the cause of freedom in the South is lost for ever. The cause of freedom, however, does not depend on Northern victories, nor is there any wall of adamant to shut out one part of Christendom from the public opinion of the rest. It were best, if possible, to have confidence in the sure march of truth. In the Southern States of America, as elsewhere, first a few, then more, and gradually the whole nation, will come to see the truth of the moral and economical propositions they now deny. But if force be indeed necessary to set free the slaves, that which is now being exerted is, of all the forms of force, the clumsiest and the worst. Human ingenuity might be taxed in vain to discover a mode of achieving emancipation more clumsy, costly, and hazardous than that which the partisans of the North recommend to us. To embitter by our fanaticism the frenzy of a strife already sufficiently furious, to lay the foundation of a gigantic debt, to derange or annihilate great departments of commerce, to foster lust of dominion and all its cognate passions, to sow the seeds of vast armaments, to plant in the New World the military spirit which is the curse of the Old—all this we are to do, or to applaud when it is done by others, in the hope that, when every other weapon, whether good or bad, has been tried and cast away, the base crowds and selfish politicians of New York and Philadelphia, the partisans of old slavery and of the South, may be induced at the eleventh hour to take up the great idea of emancipation, and, through a pretended zeal for it, to rebuild their empire on the misery and the subjugation of a people. Such

is the prospect afforded by fanaticism, and the continuance of the American war; but with the establishment of peace and of Southern independence, an opening will at last be made for statesmanship. Mr. W. E. Forster, and a few men even more considerable than Mr. Forster, have, it is true, been seduced by their love of Northern institutions to applaud the Northern cause; but with these illustrious exceptions, there is not an Englishman of note or education but would far rather entrust the interests of freedom to the calm negotiation of united Europe with the delinquent State, than abandon them to the chances of a war begun and continued from no love of freedom, but for the establishment of an empire.

#### THE BRITISH SUTTEE.

A CURIOUS chapter might be written on the tortures to which the human female has subjected herself for the sake of concealing what she evidently conceives to be the normal ugliness of her shape. The desire is peculiar to her alone out of the whole list of animate creation. It is not even shared by the male of her own species. Man has never been ashamed of his outlines. Such vestimentary sufferings as he has been exposed to in the changing course of fashion have rather resulted from an undue desire to exhibit them. There were days when a satirist could make a man of fashion dismiss his tailor with the admonition—"And mind you, sir, if I can get into my leather breeches, I won't have them." In such times, a hook fixed into the wall was a regular part of a gentleman's dressing apparatus, so that by hanging his accurately-made garments to it, he could have the assistance of the force of gravitation in the difficult labour of inserting himself into them. But though such efforts undoubtedly prove that the French proverb, *il faut souffrir pour être belle*, was unjust in its exclusively feminine application, yet they cannot be said to have indicated any solicitude on the man's part to conceal the human outline. But the woman, in various climes and ages, has been possessed with an irrepressible anxiety to distort an original with which she is so little satisfied, and has been deterred by no suffering from her aim. Physical pain has not frightened the Chinese woman from crushing her feet, or the Polynesian from elongating her ears. Neither fear of dyspepsia or suffocation, nor the misery of life-long compression, prevented our mothers from giving, by hard squeezing, an elegant air of fragility to their waists. The faults of the present fashion are certainly not in the same direction. If the young lady of the last generation had a taste for squeezing herself, the young lady of the present generation wisely prefers to squeeze her neighbours. She does not err by detracting from, but rather by amplifying the bounty of nature. Her aim appears to be to persuade the male animal that the natural form of his appointed helpmate is that of a bell-shaped tent with a small protuberance of arms and features struggling out of the top of it. "*Desinit in diving-bell mulier formosa superna*," would be the macaronic adaptation necessary to describe the mermaid of modern times. But the chase after this singular ideal involves the risk of considerably greater suffering than was heretofore attached to similar efforts. The fashion of low grates and voluminous tarlatans combined has recently produced a succession of terrible accidents. "A blaze of beauty" used to be a penny-a-lining metaphor; but if matters go on as they have been doing lately, it is likely, in the most literal sense, to form an ornament of our drawing-rooms far more often than could be wished.

It must be acknowledged that there is great originality in this peculiar form of danger; and as originality is the great recommendation of a marriageable young lady in these days, the thought will no doubt go far to console all those who are not quite burned to death. Never before, probably, in the history of human folly, did people ever lay a train of highly combustible matter between their own combustible clothing and a point some six feet off, and carry this inflammable arrangement about with them into the immediate neighbourhood of fireplaces and gaslights. The only precedent on record which at all approximates to the present case is that of the Frenchman who desired to commit suicide in an original manner, and accordingly stuffed his ear with gun-cotton, and then applied the end of his cigar to it. But then the Frenchman was fully aware that a blaze would be the probable result, which does not yet appear to have dawned upon the young ladies. They seem to be wholly ignorant of the natural law, that if even the hundredth yard of the tarlatan wherewith they are encompassed should catch fire, all the other intervening yards will catch fire too. And what that hundredth yard of tarlatan is doing—whether it is scorching, smouldering, or blazing—the wearer herself is much too far off to know. When Sydney Smith saw a child trying to please a tortoise by tickling its shell, he said it was like stroking the dome of St. Paul's in order to soothe the Dean and Chapter. A young lady is not quite as far off from her external clothing as the assembled dignitaries from the dome under which they are sitting; but she is quite as ignorant of what is befalling it. And her crinoline, unlike the dome in question, is not only moveable, but has a sportive and capricious movement of its own. A profound mathematician, no doubt, could calculate with accuracy every curve in its sinuous course, as it waggles from side to side behind its mistress when she walks across the room. But to unlearned eyes its wags are quite inscrutable, and defy all calculation. At one moment, it disports itself amid a tray of curious china, at another it winds round the legs of

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an unwary gentleman who is not used to its ways; and after creating havoc among all the unstable pieces of furniture in the room, and putting the footman who is bringing in the tea through a series of the most formidable feats of agility, it is likely enough to end with a graceful sweep into the grate. If its covering is silk or woollen, nothing comes of it but a scorch; but if it be muslin, there must be a blaze. The unfortunate wearer cannot help herself; for, as Nature did not calculate upon crinoline, and gave her no eyes in the back of her head, she cannot keep a watch over its pranks. Her only chance is to act like the helmsman of a badly-steering ship, and give a wide berth to everything. But a knowledge of the precautions necessary in drawing-room navigation under the crinoline régime does not come by nature; and while young ladies are gaining their experience, their novitiate is cut short by a conflagration. Of course, many remedies have suggested themselves to affrighted parents. One gentleman announces that he keeps all his grates well blockaded by a huge fireguard; for which, if frosty weather should ever return to us, his affectionate family will bless him. The favourite remedy is the application of a solution of tungstate of soda, which would certainly render the dresses non-inflammable, and, it is said, would not injure the appearance of the stuff. But for its possessing this indispensable merit, we have only the word of some eminent chymists; and the young ladies are not inclined to accept their authority on so delicate a matter. Moreover, the peculiar ways of manufacturers must be taken into consideration. There can be no doubt that they would carefully apply the solution to the extreme end of each piece of stuff, so as to enable the customer to test it at a candle in the shop, and entirely to satisfy her prejudices. But if any manufacturer did more than this, he would certainly be behaving in a very untradesmanlike manner. Failing these remedies, it would be very desirable that some ingenious mechanist should devise some machine for enabling every lady to steer her own crinoline. A few steel rods in addition to the present cage work would be no great increase of weight, and it would give a lady the satisfaction of knowing for certain where her crinoline was going.

On the whole, however, the general impression appears to be that the danger is unavoidable, and that a store of wet blankets kept in constant readiness, and hung like buckets in the passage, is the only remedy. In economical houses, the same precaution may be provided by occasionally watering the rug. These safeguards will probably be sufficient if the non-blazing portion of the company are prompt enough in applying them. The art of putting out a young lady will no doubt become a regular item in the education of a gentleman. Just as nice young men are valued now for their dexterity in putting on a lady's shawl or cloak, so, in a few years, the ideal dandy will be known by his skill in throwing a young lady down and rolling her in the rug or blanket. It is probable that after a time the men will get accustomed to their duties as drawing-room firemen, and will not be backward to perform them. Of course, a still simpler escape from the danger, even than the wet blankets or wet rugs, would be found if young ladies would abandon the practice of inserting themselves into the centre of muslin balloons. This seems the simplest way out of the trouble, especially as the Empress of the French, at whose bidding the cage was originally introduced among the obsequious fashionables of London, is understood no longer to insist on it. But these specious hopes are not likely to be realized. The fashion of crinoline rests on foundations too sure to be easily shaken. In the first place, it consumes three or four times more material than the garb of ten years ago; and is therefore naturally popular with the dressmakers, who, if not the lawgivers of fashion, are at least the infallible exponents and interpreters of its decrees. Then it gratifies some very pardonable passions of the female heart. It enables a woman who is tolerably rich, and wishes to be thought very rich, to impress her wealth very emphatically on her neighbours; and it gives to women with bad figures a good chance of looking nearly as well as their more favoured rivals. Now, as the majority of fashionable women are women who wish to seem either richer than they are or prettier than they are, it is clear that crinoline has attained a position from which it will not be easily dislodged. Something would be gained towards the preservation of human life if only non-inflammable stuffs were worn upon this much-prized garment. But, unluckily, muslin and tulle are advertisements of youth, and have, consequently, a stronger hold on feminine affections than even crinoline itself. There is nothing for it, therefore, but to provide an abundant supply of cold water, to be liberally applied on the first suspicion of danger.

#### THE PATRIMONY OF ST. PETER.

WHAT is the patrimony of St. Peter? Where did St. Peter get a patrimony? Above all, how came his patrimonial possessions to be somewhere in the neighbourhood of the city of Rome? These are questions which, no doubt, have perplexed the faith of devout believers in "the divine right of Popes to govern wrong." Strange to say, we think we can give an intelligible answer to them all. "The patrimony of St. Peter" is, perhaps, the only portion of the Pope's possessions to which he can show a title clearly supported by historical evidence.

If we were to select an instance of the manner in which phrases are generally used by writers in senses utterly foreign to their real meaning, we could not choose one better calculated to illustrate it

than this very expression of "the patrimony of St. Peter." The expression is constantly employed to designate the whole of the temporal dominions of the Pope. When the Papal See was deprived of the sovereignty of the revolted provinces, it was a grand phrase, both for the supporters and the opponents of the Papacy, to say that it had lost a portion of the "patrimony of St. Peter." The mysterious propensity which exists in the writing portion of mankind to employ words that convey no definite meaning, was abundantly gratified by a formula which associated together an apostle who certainly derived no territorial possessions from his fathers, the idea of ancestral inheritance, and the ownership of lands which had descended to the Pope. To say that the Pope had lost some of the territories which had been attached to the See of Rome, would have been simply common sense. To say that he was despoiled of the patrimony of St. Peter was something so immensely fine that no one capable of appreciating mere grandeur of expression would weaken the effect by asking what it meant. We are sorry to spoil a number of fine sentences by saying that the "patrimony of St. Peter" has a very distinct and clearly-ascertained meaning. It is the designation of a particular portion of the Papal territories which, for at least seven hundred years, has been known as "the patrimony," and has been by that name distinguished from the rest. No Papal writer has ever thought of calling the Marches, Umbria, or even the city of Rome, the patrimony of St. Peter. The name is exclusively applied to the district which lies to the north-west of the city, between the old Duchy of Rome and the frontiers of Tuscany. This is a matter with which we might have supposed every student in Italian history to be familiar. The expression, "the patrimony," as designating this particular district, is of as common occurrence in Italian as "the pale" is in Irish history, or as "the Duchy" is applied in England to the rights of the Crown in Lancaster or Cornwall. To describe the whole Papal possessions as "the patrimony of St. Peter" is just as great a blunder as it would be to speak of Windsor Forest or St. James's Park as part of the Duchy of Lancaster.

Muratori very clearly explains the origin of the name patrimony as applied to this district. The word "patrimonium" was opposed to "beneficium"—the latter designating lands held by tenure of feudal service from a superior, and the former allodial lands, or lands held under no lord. The allodial land was everywhere called "patrimonio." "Egli eruditi sanno che patrimonio vuol dire un bene allodiale come poderi, case, censi, e non un bene signorile e demaniale come le città castella e provincie dipendenti da principi." Matilda, Countess of Tuscany, held those districts, now known as the patrimony, in an allodial right. In her hands they were known as "il patrimonio." By her will she bequeathed all her possessions to the Papal See. "The patrimony" was still known by its old name, but under its new owners it became the patrimony of St. Peter—that is, a "patrimony" belonging to the Holy See. The name had an importance of its own, because in the dispute which followed the celebrated bequest of the Countess Matilda, the supporters of the imperial pretensions were compelled to admit the validity of that bequest so far as related to her "patrimony," or allodial lands. The emperors denied her right to dispose of her other provinces, "the beneficia" which she held as fiefs of the Imperial crown. The patrimony of St. Peter, in the phraseology of the day, meant only that "the patrimony" had become the property of the Pope. So completely, indeed, was this form of language established, that both in the deed and the testament by which the Countess bestowed her great possessions on the Church, St. Peter was named as the object of her gift. Under a will in favour of St. Peter no one dreamed of disputing the right of the Pope as legatee.

Such is the origin and meaning of the phrase "patrimony of St. Peter." It is amusing to read, in a journal whose writers are far above the average of newspaper writers in historical information, the use of this term gravely made the foundation of a charge against the Papacy, of falsely pretending that St. Peter conferred temporal possessions on the See of Rome. Not only so, but Scripture is solemnly appealed to in disproof of the supposed donation of the Apostle. "There is no one," says a writer in one of our leading journals within this week—

There is no one so credulous as to believe in the flagrant imposture of "the patrimony of St. Peter." The theory of the Apostle who heard the command to render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, having deliberately made a conveyance of Caesar's lands to the see which he is alleged to have founded, was a blasphemous parody upon Scripture, only equal to the impudence of the fiction upon which the theory of St. Peter's patrimony is itself founded.

We need scarcely say that no such "imposture" was ever attempted. The "theory" that St. Peter made any conveyance to the see of Rome exists only in the imagination of the writer. As he does not supply us with even a hint of the blasphemous parody upon Scripture, we cannot so much as guess at what he means. Certain we are that, among all the fictions of the Papal advocates, they never ventured upon one which suggested a grant of lands by St. Peter. In Papal conveyancing, the Apostle was invariably made to do duty as the grantee. The far-famed donation of Constantine is the very earliest of the alleged title deeds of the Pope. There is something curious in the process by which a writer who had just heard of "the patrimony of St. Peter" assumes at once that it must mean an assertion that the Pope claims to hold his lands by a grant from St. Peter. This is immediately transformed into the assertion that an imposture has been

tempted in a pretended conveyance from the Apostle; and having thus satisfactorily convicted the Popes of this particular fraud and imposture, he proceeds to add blasphemy to their crime, by assuming that the alleged grant must have been described in a parody of Scripture language—the possibility of any such grant being conclusively refuted by the argument that St. Peter had heard the command, “Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar’s,” and, therefore, could never have been guilty of the dishonesty of secretly conveying some lands of Cæsar to himself. It is really to be regretted that the Pope had not done something to merit this condemnation and exposure. He ought to rest upon the donation of St. Peter instead of the donation of Constantine. It is a pity to see so much excellent indignation and so much sound argument thrown away. What right, after all, has any old gentleman to call his estate the patrimony of St. Peter unless he intends to support his possession by producing a conveyance from the saint?

Nevertheless, the fact is that from the days of Hildebrand and the Countess Matilda the Popes have called a particular territory the patrimony of St. Peter, without the slightest pretence that St. Peter in his own person ever had a rood of it. It was left to St. Peter by the great Countess; and the Apostle has enjoyed her bequest, in the person of his representatives, to the present day. Some allowance must certainly be made for a little confusion, arising from the strange use of the Apostle’s name in the Papal documents of mediæval times. In the good ages of faith, no one ever thought of giving lands to the Pope; the gift was always made directly to St. Peter. When Pepin made his endowment of the provinces which he reconquered from the Lombards, he drew up the deed in favour of St. Peter, and devoutly laid it upon the Apostle’s tomb. Every Pope of the middle ages was St. Peter, as every Emperor was Cæsar. Indeed, the earthly custom has survived the spiritual. Francis Joseph is known as Cæsar at Vienna and Trieste. Pius IX. contents himself with using the signet of the fisherman; but the earlier successors of St. Peter boldly assumed his name, as well as his seal. When Hildebrand excommunicated Henry IV., he issued letters to all faithful people, explaining the reasons which had induced “Peter to bind the King with the bond of anathema.” The letter in which Pope Stephen besought the aid of Pepin professed to be written by “Peter, by the will of God the Apostle of Jesus Christ, to Pepin, King of the Franks, and Patrician of the Romans.” Perhaps it is well for the clearness of modern diplomacy that the custom is dropped, and that the Popes of the nineteenth century condescend to write in their own name. The French Emperor would be a little puzzled if he received a letter from the Apostle, soundly rating him for venturing to propose reforms at Rome. Lord John Russell would look still more foolish than he does, if he received a polite message, with St. Peter’s compliments, declining his kind offer of a passage to Malta. Yet this is something like what would occur if Pío Nono adhered to the example of Pope Stephen. His Holiness, indeed, has not altogether renounced the mediæval nomenclature. The offerings of the faithful are given, not to the Pope, but to the Apostle, and the Pontiff graciously accepts the benevolence of his English subjects under the name of “Peter’s pence.”

The Papacy has not hesitated to make out title to its possessions by allegations which will not stand the test of a very strict enquiry. The most strenuous advocate of Papal pretensions admits that the elaborate ornament known as the donation of Constantine is an invention of some monk. There are many who think there is as little genuineness in the alleged charters of Pepin and Charlemagne; but the Papal records contain no grant of lands from the Apostle. As to the “patrimony of St. Peter,” the Popes are free from any imputation.

The district known by that name was, as we have said, the only part of their possessions to which, in their conflict with the Emperors, they could show a legal right. The Countess had the right to give away her “patrimony,” and no one disputes that she did make it over to the see of Rome. Her will, indeed, has been questioned, but the will was only the confirmation of a previous deed. The only thing that could be alleged against that deed was the suggestion that it was obtained by undue influence on the part of Gregory VII. over her mind. So far as it professes to dispose of her feudal territories the Emperors alleged truly that it had no effect. Her “patrimony” it assigned effectually, if not to St. Peter, to the Pope. The phrase “patrimony of St. Peter” conveyed, and was intended to convey, nothing more than the common assumption by which the Pontiffs identified themselves with the Apostle, whom they claimed as the founder of their see.

#### THE “CHENILLE PATENT” CASE.

THE proceedings of the Court of Chancery are not in general very exhilarating, and if there be one subject which is regarded by the unlearned public as more dreary and unintelligible than another, that subject probably is the litigation which arises out of the assertion of the rights of patentees. It is commonly supposed that in these cases the judge and counsel understand a little, the jury less, and the audience nothing whatever, of the points which are debated among the scientific witnesses. If those who hear and see become bewildered among theories and machines, the chance of any ray of light illuminating the mind of the ordinary reader of newspapers must be small indeed. The habit of neglecting those portions of the law reports which deal with patent cases

is so general, that it is to be feared that the title of the present article will be considered as a synonyme for impenetrable and mysterious depths of dulness.

It is possible, however, that a description of the process by which chenille is made would not be thought uninteresting if it occurred anywhere except in the trial of a patent case. In the first place, the article manufactured is familiar to every eye. Some three or four years ago hair-nets made of chenille were almost universally worn by ladies; and the fashion having descended in accordance with the usual law, hair-nets of lower price and inferior quality still find customers whose numbers compensate for their slender means. Another common application of the same article is to form an edging round the base of the glass shades which are used to cover artificial flowers and fruit and other ornaments of the drawing-room. This article has been employed for various purposes of decoration as long as living memory goes back, and perhaps longer, but it has been employed far more extensively since the price was lowered and the quality improved by the substitution of a machine for hand labour in the production of it. The old process of making chenille by hand began by loosely throwing a woof of silk across a warp of thread or wire. The woven fabric was then cut by scissors into strips, and the woof threads were twisted by means of central warp threads or wires into chenille. This process was slow, and the article which resulted from it was necessarily imperfect. The hand-made chenille could always be untwisted so as to form a sort of fringe-like ribbon. The object of the machine, which was patented in 1851, was to perform the processes of weaving, cutting, and twisting simultaneously, and in a much more perfect manner. The substitute for hand-weaving is a revolving shuttle having two endless “selvage-cords,” as they are termed, passing through it. On the shuttle is a bobbin on which is wound the silk of which the chenille is to be made. As the shuttle revolves, the endless cords which pass through it move in a direction perpendicular to the plane of the shuttle’s motion. The combined effect of these two motions is to wind the silk upon the selvage-cords, so as to form a helix or spiral coil. The term “selvage-cord” is evidently borrowed from the older process of hand-weaving, for which the process here described has been substituted. The selvage-cords are kept distended so that the coil of silk may be strained tight upon them, and as they move perpendicularly downwards they carry the oval loops of silk which form the coil successively between a pair of horizontal metal rollers. One of these rollers is armed, close to each of its extremities, with a blunt circular knife. The other roller, made of hardened steel, forms a cushion or pillow, against which the blunt knives press as the rollers turn. At the central point, between the two circular knives, each roller has a groove in it, and a pair of threads parallel to the selvage-cords pass through these grooves and descend towards the bottom of the machine. The selvage-cords, it will be observed, are acting at the extremities, and the pair of threads are acting at the middle points of the rollers. Now, suppose the selvage-cords to carry an oval loop of silk, being the most advanced portion of the spiral coil, between the rollers. The loop thus passes between the pair of threads. At the moment of passing between the rollers the ends of the loop are nipped by the pressure of the blunt circular knife against the hardened steel cushion of the opposite roller, and thus the loop is cut into two pieces of length equal to the distance between the knives. The curved extremities of the loop of silk become waste. The two lengths or “shreds,” as they are called, of silk lie between the pair of threads which they touch at right angles with their middle points. Considering the process at this stage it will be seen that the result is the same as was attained by the two old processes of weaving and cutting into strips—that is to say, we have shreds of silk of equal length lying between a pair of threads which hold them at right angles to the threads by their middle points. But in the machine the pair of threads are being twisted simultaneously with the motion of the selvage-cords and of the rollers. The effect of this twisting is that the shreds of silk are seized between the threads at the same moment that the loop is cut by passing between the rollers. The twisting of the pair of threads with the silk between them, which was the last stage of the old process, is simultaneous with the other processes in the machine. When the twisting is complete we have the fabric called chenille.

The simple machine above described is only calculated for making one “length” of chenille at once. If the distance between the selvage-cords and the length of the rollers be increased, the length of the shreds of silk is increased to the same extent, and this increases the size of the chenille. The space between the two knives placed at the extremities of the rollers may, if desired, be subdivided into two or more equal spaces by the introduction, at equal intervals, of additional circular knives, with grooves and threads twisting in them at the middle point between every two knives. It will be seen that three knives upon a roller would cut a loop of silk into four equal portions, and would make two lengths of chenille at once; and four knives would cut the loop into six portions, and would make three lengths of chenille at once; and so on for as many knives as might be conveniently placed upon the roller. It is interesting to remark the effect of the peculiar mode of severance of the loops of silk by nipping them between a blunt knife and a hard surface as compared with the effect of a clean cut with a sharp knife. Mr. Nasmyth, the well-known inventor of the steam-hammer, who was a witness on the recent trial, stated that the nipping by rollers gave a brush-like termination to the



severed silk, while a cut with a sharp knife made the end of the shred of silk smooth like a stick. Mr. Nasmyth ascribed to the mode of nipping the "beautiful bloom" which he observed on the chenille made by the patented machine.

The principal credit of inventing this machine belongs to a person named Peake, who was at the time employed in a silk factory at Derby. The patent was granted to two persons named Smith and Dickinson along with Peake, and it was afterwards assigned to Messrs. Davenport & Cramond of Derby, who are plaintiffs in the pending suit. The machine has now been at work ten or eleven years, producing what Mr. Nasmyth called "a very beautiful and perfect fabric," and yielding, or being supposed to yield, a profit to the proprietors of the patent sufficient to encourage those attempts at imitation, pretending not to be infringement, which are the chief cause of litigation upon patents. One experiment of this kind was defeated two or three years ago. Another experiment attempted by Mr. Jepson of Derby has made him defendant to a bill filed in Chancery by Messrs. Davenport. The principal differences between his machine and Messrs. Davenport's are as follow:—Messrs. Davenport use moving selvage-cords, and a shuttle which revolves always in the same plane. Mr. Jepson uses fixed cords and a shuttle which travels along them at the same time that it revolves. Messrs. Davenport's machine works, as has been stated, perpendicularly, whereas, Mr. Jepson's works horizontally, the shuttle being carried by a sort of railway along the selvage-cords. The effect of either arrangement is exactly the same, viz. to serve or twist silk spirally on the selvage-cords. Instead of the nipping rollers above described, Mr. Jepson uses a simple knife, in which respect his machine is not only different from Messrs. Davenport's, but inferior to it. This knife is applied at the middle point of the loop of silk. It divides only one side, if we may so speak, of the loop, which is seized at the middle point of the other side and twisted between two threads, one of which passes inside and the other outside the loop. In Messrs. Davenport's machine both the threads are outside the loop. However ingeniously scientific witnesses might argue upon the points of distinction between these two machines, it does not seem easy for men of plain common-sense to discover a substantial difference between them.

But if it were so clear that Mr. Jepson's machine was an infringement, why, it may be asked, were Vice-Chancellor Sir William Page Wood and a special jury occupied nearly eight days in trying the issues which arose out of the suit? The answer is, that the difficult questions in the case were questions of simple fact depending upon no comparison of complicated machines, but upon an estimate of the value to be respectively attributed to two utterly contradictory bodies of testimony. The defendant disputed the validity of the plaintiffs' patent upon two grounds—firstly, he denied the novelty of the invention, alleging that chenille had been made in Nottingham by a machine similar to the plaintiffs', and sold in the course of trade, in the years 1849-50; and secondly, he alleged that the patentees had sold chenille made by the machine before they obtained a patent for it. Upon both these questions the evidence was hopelessly conflicting. The jury were divided upon one or other of them; and as they stated that agreement was impossible, they were discharged after three hours' deliberation, and thus an eight days' trial ended in no result whatever. This was one of the earliest experiments of the Court of Chancery in trying with a jury questions which, previously to the Act of last Session, it was in the habit of sending to the Courts of Common Law. The result of the experiment is not very encouraging, seeing that this pair of litigants are left just where they were, and the other suitors of the Court have suffered inconvenience through so much time being occupied by this investigation. Although the case lasted over a week it could not fairly be called tedious. The evidence of the scientific witnesses, particularly Mr. Nasmyth on one side and Mr. Bramwell on the other, was very clear and instructive, and the conflicting testimony on the questions which involved no science had all the interest which attaches to the appearance in the witness-box of a number of persons of various character and circumstances. The majority of the witnesses were persons in rather humble life, residing either at Derby or Nottingham. The defendant undertook to prove that the patentees sold chenille to shopkeepers in Derby before the date of the patent; and if he could have proved this the patent would have been invalidated. Upon such a question, of course, dates were all-important. One of the defendant's witnesses fixed the date of an alleged sale in a manner that is curiously characteristic of the district from which he came. He was quite certain that a sale took place in his presence shortly after a conversation which he had with two of the patentees, and he could not possibly be mistaken as to the date of that conversation because he knew that it occurred during the journey which he and his two friends made to York Races in May 1851, to be present at the great match between Voltigeur and the Flying Dutchman. The witness was not encouraged by the Court to enlarge upon his sporting reminiscences, but he intimated that Voltigeur lost the match, and "he never could forget that." It deserves notice that these three humble partisans of Lord Zetland's "spots" were teetotalers when they went to York, and also after they returned home. One of them did, indeed, slide back into old habits a few months later, but he did not take to drinking because he had lost by Voltigeur, but because he hoped to win largely by his patent.

## REVIEWS.

## KINGLAKE'S INVASION OF THE CRIMEA.

(Concluding Notice.)

THE expedition to Sebastopol having been resolved upon, to what hands was this vast enterprise entrusted? What great commanders had England and France to lead their armies? This is a question which, perhaps, deserves to be more considered than it usually is by politicians undertaking a great war. It might not have been unworthy of the consideration of Mr. Pitt, for instance, when he was rushing into a conflict with the French nation, armed in defence of its own existence, whether he had any trustworthy general to put at the head of his forces. No doubt it may be said, with some truth, that the right man will show himself in the end; but it is rather unpleasant practice even for the nation, much more for the soldiers, to discover the right man through a series of experiments conducted by such leaders as the Duke of York.

France had famous generals—Changarnier, Bedeau, Lamoricière, Cavaignac, and Leffo; but these men had shared the general fate of the eminence and honour of France—they had been arrested in their beds and flung into prison vans, and were now removed from the service of their country. To command the French army in their place, there was, indeed, a Marshal of France, but one whose *bâton* had been won, not in the field of battle against the enemy, but in service less indicative of military genius—on Thursday, the day of blood, against the peaceable inhabitants of Paris. The character of Marshal Achille St. Arnaud, formerly Jacques le Roy, is thus drawn by Mr. Kinglake:—

He impersonated with singular exactness the idea which our forefathers had in their minds when they spoke of what they called "a Frenchman;" for although (by cowering the rich, and by filling the poor with envy) the great French revolution had thrown a gloom on the national character, it left this one man untouched. He was bold, gay, reckless, and vain, but beneath the mere glitter of the surface there was a great capacity for administrative business, and a more than common willingness to take away human life. In Algerine warfare, he had proved himself from the first an active, enterprising officer, and in later years a brisk commander. He was skilled in the duties of a military governor, knowing how to hold tight under martial law a conquered or a half-conquered province. The empire of his mind over his actions was so often interrupted by bodily pain and weakness, that it is hard to say whether, if he had been gifted with health, he would have been a firm, steadfast man; but he had violent energies, and a spirit so elastic, that when for any interval the pressure of misery or of bodily pain was lifted off, he seemed as strong and as joyous as though he had never been crushed. He chose to subordinate the lives and the rights of other men to his own advancement. Therefore he was ruthless; but not in any other sense cruel. No one, as he himself said, could be more good-natured. In the intervals between the grave deeds that he did, he danced and sung. To men in authority no less than to women he paid court with flattering stanzas and songs. He had extraordinary activity of body, and was highly skilled in the performance of gymnastic feats; he played the violin; and, as though he were resolved in all things to be the Frenchman of the old time, there was once at least, in his life, a time of depression, when (to the astonishment of the good priest, who fell on his knees and thanked God as for a miracle wrought) he knelt down and confessed himself, seeking comfort and absolution from his Church.

This, if we mistake not, is a good piece of historical portraiture. Marshal St. Arnaud was a man, in one sense, of remarkable military experience, inasmuch as he had thrice gone through a career in the army, having been twice forced to quit it on account of excesses running to the extreme of wildness, if not actually amounting to crime. He was near forty years of age when, with singular elasticity, he entered the military profession for the third time. Joining his corps in Algeria, he pushed his way on that congenial theatre, and rose to well-deserved distinction as the commander of the Infernal Column. Fleury, being in Algeria, on the look-out for a Minister at War adapted to the objects of the President of the Republic, marked Colonel St. Arnaud for his own. Independently of general character, there was a special reason which rendered it quite safe to approach this distinguished officer with such proposals as those which Fleury bore:—

The commander of the "Infernal Column" was not likely to be wanting in the ruthlessness which was needed, and if his vanity made it seem doubtful whether he was a man who could keep a secret, there was a confidential paper in existence which might tend to allay the fear.

St. Arnaud had warmly approved the destruction of life which had been effected in 1844, by filling with smoke the crowded caves of the Dahra; but he had sagaciously observed that the popularity of the measure in Europe was not co-extensive with the approbation which seems to have been bestowed upon its author by the military authorities. These counter views guided M. St. Arnaud. In the summer of 1845 he received private information that a body of Arabs had taken refuge in the cave of Shelas. Thither he marched a body of troops. Eleven of the fugitives came out and surrendered, but it was known to St. Arnaud, though not to any other Frenchman, that five hundred men remained in the cave. All these people Colonel St. Arnaud determined to kill, and so far, he perhaps felt that he was only an imitator of Pelissier, but the resolve which accompanied the formation of this scheme was original. He determined to keep the deed secret, even from the troops engaged in the operation. Except his brother, and Marshal Bugeaud, whose approval was the prize he sought for, no one was to know what he did. He contrived to execute both his purposes. "Then," he writes to his brother, "I had all the apertures hermetically stopped up. I made one vast sepulchre. No one went into the caverns. No one but myself knew that, under there, there are five hundred brigands who will never again slaughter Frenchmen. A confidential report has told all to the Marshal without terrible poetry or imagery. Brother, no one is so good as I am by taste and by nature. From the 8th to the 12th, I have been ill, but my conscience does not reproach me. I have done my duty as a commander, and to-morrow I would do the same over again; but I have taken a disgust to Africa."

Thus the cave of Shelas and the Boulevard of Paris between them brought St. Arnaud his Marshal's *bâton*, and placed the fate

of the allied armies in his hands. Unfortunately, they did not, with the bâton, confer the genius of a Marshal. If Mr. Kinglake's account is true—as from all we have heard from other sources we believe it to be—St. Arnaud was without ascendancy in the French army, and utterly destitute of the power of conducting war on a great scale. He was not, however, without self-confidence of a certain kind, and it appears he formed a scheme for bringing the Turkish as well as French army under his command. The scene in which Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, with supreme courtesy and benign gentleness, blew this intrigue to the four winds, is one of the most graphic and most amusing of the pictures of character drawn by Mr. Kinglake's hand.

England, to command her army, had in Lord Raglan a good, brave, skilful and experienced soldier, as well as an honourable and high-minded gentleman—one over whose grave no word ought ever to be spoken but those of sympathy for his heroic sufferings and gratitude for his chivalrous services to a not very kind country. His character as a general is drawn by Mr. Kinglake with evident tenderness, not in a flattering, but still in a forbearing tone. Lord Raglan was sixty-six years old when he was called to lead this hazardous enterprise, and for more than thirty years he had been administering the business of a military office in time of peace, and had thus inevitably become a man of uniformity and routine not suited for the varying emergencies and rapid strokes of war. There was, however, something very fine and worthy of a Paladin of the great Duke in the whole of his character and bearing as a warrior, particularly in the actual field of battle:—

He had one peculiarity which, although it went near to being a foible, was likely to give smoothness to his relations with the French. Beyond and apart from a just contempt for mere display, he had a strange hatred of the outward signs and tokens of military energy. Versed of old in real war, he knew that the clatter of a general briskly galloping hither and thither with staff and orderlies, did not of necessity imply any momentous resolve—that the aides-de-camp swiftly shot off by a word like arrows from a bow, were no sure signs of despatch or decisive action. And, because such outward signs might mean little, he shrank from them more than was right. He would have liked, if it had been possible, that he and his army should have glided unnoticed from the banks of the Thames to their position in the battle-field. It was certain, therefore, that although a French general would be sure to find himself checked in any really hurtful attempt to encroach upon the just station of the British army, yet that if, as was not unnatural, he should evince a desire for personal prominence, he would find no rival in Lord Raglan until he reached the enemy's presence.

He was recommended for his present command not only by his military qualifications, but by his courtesy, his address, his power of bending men to his will without apparent pressure, and his familiarity with the French tongue. In the English army he occupied a peculiar and almost unapproachable position as a general of the Duke of Wellington. In fact, Mr. Kinglake hints that the empire which he had over other men from this association, and the historic appeal of his maimed sword-arm, were not without a drawback, since they made other men courtiers in his presence, and prevented them from differing from him, and even from conveying to him unwelcome truths:—

In truth, Lord Raglan's manner was of such a kind as to be—not simply ornament, but—a real engine of power. It swayed events. There was no mere gloss in it. By some gift of imagination he divined the feelings of all sorts and conditions of men; and whether he talked to a statesman or a schoolboy, his hearer went away captive. I knew a shy, thoughtful, sensitive youth just gazetted to a regiment of the Guards, who had to render his visit of thanks to the military secretary at the Horse Guards. He went in trepidation. He came back radiant with joy and wholesome confidence. Lord Fitzroy, instead of receiving him in solemn form and ceremony, had walked forward to meet him, had put his hand kindly on the boy's shoulder, and had said a few words so cheering, so interesting, and so free from the vice of being commonplace, that the impression clung to the lad, shaping his career for years, and helped to make him the man he was when he was out with his battalion in the winter of the first campaign. From the same presence the foremost statesman of the time once came away saying, that the man in England most fitted by nature to be at the head of the Government was Lord Fitzroy Somerset; and he who so judged, was himself a Prime Minister.

It is for military men to form a judgment of Lord Raglan's conduct in the campaign, and of Mr. Kinglake's reflections upon it. It is clear that he had to take both the campaign and the battle of the Alma out of St. Arnaud's hands, and that what was done was mainly done by him, though he was not untrammelled by the temper and proceedings of his ally; but in justice to the Government it must be allowed that, in the absence of a first-rate general, and looking to the diplomatic as well as the military exigencies of the post, he was as good a man as they could have chosen; and, in justice to himself, it must be remembered that he undertook the expedition most unwillingly, in obedience to what he conceived to be the dictates of his honour, and that he never allowed this unwillingness to prevent his acting with the most ardent zeal, and with all the energy which his age would permit, for the public service.

The landing of the army was safely accomplished, thanks to the extraordinary efforts of the naval commanders, particularly Lord Lyons; thanks also, it appears, to the indulgent forbearance of Prince Menschikoff, and in despite of a strange proceeding on the part of the French, who moved in the night the buoy which was to mark the respective landing-places of the two armies, whereby, had it not been for the vigilance of Lyons, the landing would have been in danger of miscarriage. It is most likely that their object in doing this was to get more room for themselves, and that it was unconnected with the *timides avis* which had been given by some of the French generals in the mid-passages, and overruled by Lord Raglan. The difficulty, however, with which

the landing was accomplished—though in fair weather, and without opposition—leaves on our minds a very comfortable impression as to the security of these shores from the visits of an enemy, who would certainly be opposed, on short notice, and who was not master of the sea.

Mr. Kinglake testifies that the people of the villages on the coast where the army had landed were treated by our soldiers, not only with mercy, but with kindness and gentle courtesy. The men of the Rifle Brigade made themselves especial favourites in the village where they were quartered. But over this village there suddenly came a dreadful change:—

The rifles were withdrawn. The Zouaves marched in. There followed spoliation, outrage, horrible cruelty. When those tidings came to Lord Raglan, he was standing on the shore with several of his people about him. He turned scarlet with shame and anger. The yoke of the alliance had wrung him.

Mr. Kinglake is disposed to accuse Lord Raglan of a pedantic dislike to the irregular Ottoman troops, for whom he has himself a great partiality. But possibly Lord Raglan's aversion, as a regular military man, to irregular soldiers and their unscientific mode of warfare, may have been mingled with his aversion, as a humane man and a gentleman, to propensities in which the "pious and warfaring" race of Turks are at least on a level with the Zouave. In the late war in Montenegro the Turks are stated, by those who made inquiries on the spot, to have mutilated and massacred all their prisoners.

Mr. Kinglake's present volumes end with the battle of the Alma. His description of the battle is that of an eye-witness; for he was with Lord Raglan through the day, and sat on horseback at his side, as we gather from an incidental expression, on the knoll in the heart of the Russian position, to which the English General was strangely and fortunately carried by the impetuosity of his horse, and where the English guns were planted which at the most critical moment turned the day. Of course one pair of eyes could not see every event and incident on so extended a field, but where Mr. Kinglake was not himself an eye-witness he has evidently collected the facts by minute and almost microscopic inquiry from those who were. The result is a description of a battle unequalled as far as we know in historical literature, for the vividness with which it brings before the reader the sites, and imparts to him the sensation of a hard fought field. It is exceedingly difficult for a civilian to form any conception of the realities of a mortal conflict, but Mr. Kinglake has succeeded in giving us an impression so intense and forcible that we can hardly doubt its truth. The last halt of the Allies before the battle in sight of the enemy's position is thus described:—

Twice again there were protracted halts. The last of these took place at a distance of about a mile and a half from the banks of the Alma. From the spot where the forces were halted the ground sloped gently down to the river's side; and though some men lay prostrate under the burning sun, with little thought except of fatigue, there were others who keenly scanned the ground before them, well knowing that now at last the long-expected conflict would begin. They could make out the course of the river from the dark belt of gardens and vineyards which marked its banks, and men with good eyes could descry a slight seam running across a rising ground beyond the river, and could see too some dark squares or oblongs, encroaching like small patches of culture upon the broad downs. The seam was the Great Redoubt. The square-looking marks that stained the green sides of the hills were an army in order of battle.

That 20th of September on the Alma was like some remembered day of June in England, for the sun was unclouded, and the soft breeze of the morning had lulled to a breath at noontide, and was creeping faintly along the hills. It was then that in the Allied armies there occurred a singular pause of sound—a pause so general as to have been observed and remembered by many in remote parts of the ground, and so marked that its interruption by the mere neighing of an angry horse seized the attention of thousands; and although this strange silence was the mere result of weariness and chance, it seemed to carry a meaning, for it was now that after nearly forty years of peace the great nations of Europe were once more meeting for battle.

Perhaps among the incidents of the day there is none which makes the reader feel as though he were actually present in the field more than the account of the long combat between the 7th Fusiliers under Colonel Lacy Yea and the Kzan column of Russian infantry. The Russian column consisted of two battalions, numbering 1,500 men. It came down upon the Fusiliers when they had lost their formation in crossing the river, and before they had been able to reform. They were, to use Mr. Kinglake's expression, nearly "a knotted chain of soldiery" when the column halted at a distance of fifty yards from their front:—

Lacy Yea had not time to put his Fusiliers in their wonted array, for the enemy's column was so near, that forthwith, and at the instant it was necessary to ply it with fire; but what man could do, he did. His very shoulders so laboured and strove with the might of his desire to form line, that the curt red shell-jacket he wore was as though it were a world too scant for the strength of the man and the passion that raged within him; but when he turned, his dark eyes yielded fire, and all the while from his deep-chiselled, merciless lips, there pealed the thunder of imprecation and command. Wherever the men had got clustered together, there—fiercely coming—he wedged his cob into the thick of the crowd—the "rooge," he would call it in his old Eton idiom of speech—and by dint of will tore it asunder. Though he could not form an even array, yet he disentangled the thickest clusters of the soldiery, and forced the men to open out into a lengthened chain approaching to line formation. Numbers of the Fusiliers were wanting, and on the other hand there were mingled with the battalion many of the soldiery of other regiments. With a force in this state, Yea was not in a condition to attempt a charge or any other combined movement. All he could hope to be able to do was to keep his people firm on their ground, to hinder them from contracting their front or gathering into heavy clusters, and then leave every man to make the best use he could of his rifle.



Continental soldiers would have expected the loose line to have been at once overpowered by the massive column. But the efficacy of the line, when formed by British soldiers, against the column has been pretty often proved. The imagination of the British soldier is not overpowered by the grandeur of the column; and if the line stands firm, it is obvious that the column, firing from a narrow front, must be worsted:—

But Lacy Yea and his islanders were not so fashioned by nature, nor so tamed down by much learning, as to be liable to be easily coerced in any subtle, metaphysical way; and although the shots of individual soldiers and small knots of men had not of course the crushing power which would have been exerted by the fire of the 7th Fusiliers when formed and drawn up in line, still, the well-handled rifles of our men soon began to carry havoc into the dark gray oblong mass of living beings which served them for their easy target. And though seemingly the front rank of the compact mass yearned to move forward, there was always occurring in the interior some sudden death or some trouble with a wounded man, which seemed not only to breed difficulty in the way of an advance, but also to make the column here and there begin to look spotted and faulty. The distance was such as to allow of a good deal of shooting at particular men. Once, Yea himself found that he was singled out to be killed, and was covered by a musket or rifle, but the marksman was so fastidious about his aim, that before he touched the trigger a quick-eyed English corporal found time to intervene, and save his Colonel's life by shooting the careful Russian in the midst of his studies. "Thank you, my man," said Lacy Yea, "if I live through this, you shall be a sergeant to-night."

The fight goes on; and at length death and wounds, making cavities, and compelling small changes in the mass, began to injure the symmetry of the Russian column. Its cohesion, though still preserved, was preserved more by the personal exertions of the officers than by the steadiness of the men:—

Lacy Yea observed that every now and then, when a part of the column was becoming faulty, a certain man always on foot, but of vast towering stature, would stride quickly to the defective spot, and exert so great an ascendancy, that steadiness and order seemed always to be restored by his presence. The gray over-coat common to all shrouded the rank of every Russian officer, and since this man was not on horseback, there was nothing to disclose his station in the corps save the power which he seemed to wield. What its colonel was to the 7th Fusiliers, that the big man seemed to be to the Russian column, and it was not, I think, without a kind of sympathy with him; it was not, one would believe, without a manly reluctance that Yea ordered his people to shoot the tall man. He did, however, so order; and he was quickly obeyed. The tall man dropped dead, and when he had fallen there was no one who seemed to be the like of him in power.

The supreme moment at last arrives. Prince Gortschakoff in person comes up, and attempts to lead the column on to a charge with the bayonet; but there was not spirit left in the mass to respond to the call. Prince Gortschakoff rode away:—

Portions of the column—mainly those in the centre and in the rear—became discomposed and unsettled. Numbers of men moved a little one way or another, and of these, some looked as though they stepped a pace backwards; but no man as yet turned round to face the rear. However, though the movement of each soldier taken singly was trifling and insignificant, yet even that little displacement of many men at the same time was shaking the structure. Plainly, the men must be ceasing to feel that the column they stood in was solid. The ranks which had been straight as arrows became bent and wavy.

The Russian officers well understood these signs. With drawn swords, moving hither and thither as actively as they could in their long, gray, melancholy coats, they seemed to become loud and vehement with their orders, their entreaties, their threats. Presently their gestures grew violent, and more than one officer was seen to go and seize a wavering soldier by the throat. But in vain; for seemingly by some law of its own nature, rather than under any new stress of external force, the column began to dissolve. The hard mass became fluid. It still cohered; but what had been, as it were, the outlines of a wall, were becoming like the outlines of a cloud. First some, then more, then all, turned round. Moving slowly, and as though discontent with its fate, the column began to fall back.

Mr. Kinglake fairly discloses all the disasters, blunders, and reverses of the day. His account leaves upon us the decided impression that had Mentschikoff been a General of ordinary ability, had he possessed sense enough to listen to the counsels of a better soldier than himself, had he taken reasonable advantage of the abundant time given him for fortifying his admirable position, had he taken the pains to ride over the ground and discover that a road practicable for artillery led up to the left of his position where he supposed there was nothing but an inaccessible cliff—had he in the action itself showed ordinary presence of mind, and made use of his great superiority in cavalry against the unprotected left of the attacking English—had he attempted to take advantage of the great opening which fortune gave him in the course of the day—the Russian position on the Alma would not have been carried, and the expedition against Sebastopol would have there found a disastrous and disgraceful end. The rash impetuosity of the English nation carried it to the brink of the precipice, and fortune only prevented its falling over.

As to the conduct of the French on this dangerous day, Mr. Kinglake's history confirms the opinion, which, though of course not officially promulgated, was at the time generally believed. It was such as for the time completely to sink the reputation of the French army. Bosquet with his division did their duty well, by scaling the height on the Russian left; but when there they were unable to advance, and were, by their confession to Lord Raglan, on the point of being compelled to retreat. As to the other French Generals and their divisions, they appear to have become a helpless mass, which was kept completely in check by eight Russian battalions, and exercised no influence on the fortunes of the day; but, as Mr. Kinglake truly says, this is not the measure of the prowess of the French army—it is the measure only of the prowess of the French army when led by an Achilles St. Arnaud, formerly Jacques le Roy.

## BROWNING'S POEMS.\*

THE irresistible impression made upon the mind of an unprejudiced reader by these selected poems of Mr. Browning must be, that he is, beyond all question, a man of very remarkable faculties. We perhaps may incline to the belief that his special intellectual province is to be looked for rather in an extraordinary power of psychological analysis than in what is usually regarded as poetical inspiration; but even if this attribute were separated from his other gifts, and not allowed to count at all, there would still remain behind so much real originality and strength that we cannot wonder if the partial friends whom genius such as his is sure to make and to keep are surprised and mortified at his comparative unpopularity. We say comparative unpopularity, because we have always understood that among those who are fond enough of poetry not to be repelled by a manner which his friends describe as "marked and peculiar," but which we should speak of in terms somewhat more unfavourable, he has never wanted an attentive, and seldom an admiring audience. Comparatively unpopular, however, he certainly is. For example, Mr. Longfellow, of whom we wish to speak with the utmost respect as a thoroughly accomplished versifier and something more, has taken the young ladies of England by storm. Now, in our judgment (and we say again, with perfect sincerity, that no sneer is aimed at the American author) Mr. Browning contains within himself a mass of solid metal which might be beaten thin into a couple of Longfellow's at least. And yet we apprehend that (on principles somewhat similar to those on which the Dutch estimate of female beauty is said to rest) what Horace calls the *columnæ*, and what we call *the trade*, would pronounce the latter to be the greater poet of the two by ever so many copies annually sold. The truth is, we believe, that, for the *merely* popular poet, what is wanted is that he should be born with his own special faculty entirely predominating over the rest of his mind. If his talent be a decided one, an ordinary understanding in other respects will suffice for his immediate purposes. As for what Mr. Carlyle calls the World-Poet, we presume that he also must have the poetical faculty predominant, but predominant over vast general powers, and with energy enough to absorb them all into itself. There is, however, an intermediate man, who often possesses real genius, and also a powerful understanding, who may or may not succeed. Such a writer now and then contrives, by some mismanagement of this very understanding, by too great self-indulgence in misplaced wit, or fantastic ingenuity, or severely abstract thought, or (as is the case with Mr. Browning) by lingering too long over subtle reproductions of characters not generally interesting, to darken his poetical gifts, and to deprive himself of a reputation, his right to which, if it depended upon talent alone, no one would dream of disputing. He will find, no doubt, among congenial minds a certain number of admirers—admirers who make up for the comparative smallness of their numbers by the unflinching intensity of their zeal; but still he cannot hope for the same general acceptance as his straightforward competitors, who aim only at broad and simple effects.

Some such incapacity, or disinclination at least, on the part of Mr. Browning, to adapt himself to the taste of the day, appears to intercept the natural effect of his genius upon the public mind. There are also, we think, certain defects of manner and taste in his compositions, which the indolent and luxurious readers of the nineteenth century will not tolerate. We doubt, therefore, whether the appearance of this little book will materially alter his position before the world, though, as we honestly appreciate his great and various merits, we shall be glad if we find ourselves mistaken. One of these faults of form, as it appears to us, is an ineradicable passion for every contorted and unimaginable rhyme which the English language, turned inside-out, can be coaxed or tortured into supplying. We readily concede that Mr. Browning dances in his self-imposed fetters with unusual lightness and ease; nevertheless, he is forced often to sacrifice conciseness and propriety of style, and sometimes the whole beauty of his image, to this somewhat mean exhibition of a merely mechanical skill. For instance, taking the "Glove," a well-known story, in which Mr. Browning, with great ingenuity, pleads the cause of the lady against the knight whose life has been endangered by her apparently ruthless caprice, we find in it these lines:—

Sound the trumpet, no true knight's a tarrier!  
De Lorge made one leap at the barrier,  
Walk'd straight to the glove—whilst the lion  
Ne'er moved, kept his far-reaching eye on  
The palm-tree-edged desert-spring's sapphire,  
And the musky old skin of the Kaffir.

We think this conception of the lion with his drowsy imagination brooding in a half-dream over the distant solitudes of his native deserts, and therefore unconscious of the intrusion of the knight, a very striking one, but to our taste its beauty is greatly impaired by the last line. Mr. Browning binds himself down to procure a satisfactory partner for that awkward word sapphire, and he very nearly succeeds; but in such cases, according to the old proverb, a miss is as good, or rather as bad, as a mile—nay more, even if we admit that Kaffir responds adequately to sapphire, the Kaffir, we think, is out of place in the visions of a Barbary lion. Besides,

\* Selections from the Poetical Works of Robert Browning. London: Chapman & Hall. 1863.

the line itself appears to us a bad one, and the attention of the reader is diverted from the fine poetry of the passage by his anxious desire to watch whether Herr Browning, the rhyming phenomenon, can accomplish his rope-dancing feat, and jump through his paper hoop, with the requisite dexterity and adroitness. The use of rhyme has been justified on the ground that it embodies a constant appeal to memory and to hope; but when this hope degenerates into a gaping expectation of some ingenious surprise, elevating thereby a quaint jingle into part of the promised poetical effect, our sympathy, with anything more serious than good nonsense verses, is perpetually interrupted, and we cannot do justice to thoughts and images which are always being driven into the background by this fantastic metrical harlequinade.

Even the faults of Mr. Browning, however, are the faults of a powerful and deeply original mind. Recollecting, accordingly, Mr. Mill's dictum, that the tendency of modern society is to sink into a colourless uniformity of thought and feeling, and that therefore eccentricity, in itself and for itself, is to be petted and indulged, as a protest against the threatened extinction of vital force and individual eminence, we gladly pass over what appear to us to be Mr. Browning's aberrations, in order that we may call attention to his splendid powers. The book opens with one or two slight lyrics which exhibit less of Mr. Browning's peculiar cast of thought than the subsequent poems. They are intended, we presume, to act as a sort of drawbridge over which unsuspecting readers are to be enticed into the heart of the enchanted castle, in order that when there, the spells native to the place may be woven round their unresisting imaginations. The best composition of this class (it occurs a little further on in the volume) appears to us to be "How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix." The worst is entitled "An Incident in the French Camp." We should not have paused at this trifle, were it not our opinion that its comparative feebleness is in a great degree owing to the crotchet of which we have spoken already. Mr. Browning chooses to find rhymes for the French proper name Lannes—and is, therefore, obliged to make a French ensign talk of his eagle as a "flag-bird flapping its vans," and to use other expressions neither strong nor simple enough for a camp ditty. Besides this, however, the snip-snap question and answer at the end break the lyrical flow of the piece, and prevent the catastrophe from telling, as it is meant to do, upon the reader's mind. Another class of poems are, we think, of a much higher order—they are all of them distinguished by great originality of conception, by a subtle insight into the secret springs of action, and by a power of reproducing modes of thought and feeling the most remote from those of the poet himself, which we believe to be, at any rate among contemporary authors, wholly unequalled. We doubt, indeed, whether the general reader will be patient enough to watch the slow unravelling of those complicated impulses which have formed the character of a sceptical Roman Catholic bishop of the present day—see "Bishop Blougram's Apology" (p. 280)—of a semi-paganized Catholic Bishop at Rome in the sixteenth century (p. 36), of a profligate monkish painter, Fra Lippo Lippi (p. 234), of an Arabian physician, or Greek litterateur shortly after the death of Christ (pp. 254-400); but that is his affair. We doubt, moreover, whether the extraordinary genius which these compositions display is poetical genius, or metaphysical; but that it is extraordinary we have no doubt whatever. We think the shortest, and perhaps on that account the most effective, of these remarkable productions, will give as good an idea of Mr. Browning's special merits as any poem which at the present moment it is open to us to quote. It is named "My Last Duchess." The reader must be good enough to sympathize (we mean by a sympathy of comprehension, of course), with one of the great Italian nobles of the sixteenth century. He must suppose a man of the most polished manners and the most refined tastes, but who knows no more of principle than of the electric telegraph—whose pride is venomously susceptible, and his temper as implacable as the central fires of his own Neapolitan volcano. Having lost, or rather extinguished, his wife, this gentleman wishes to marry again, and thus intimates his peculiar views of the conjugal relation (being, no doubt, great enough to feel sure that he risks nothing by his candour) to the panic-stricken envoy of his intended father-in-law:—

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,  
Looking as if she were alive; I call  
That piece a wonder, now: Fra Pandolf's hands  
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.  
Will't please you sit and look at her? I said  
"Fra Pandolf" by design, for never read  
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,  
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,  
But to myself they turned (since none puts by  
The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)  
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,  
How such a glance came there; so, not the first  
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not  
Her husband's presence only, called that spot  
Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: perhaps  
Fra Pandolf chanced to say, "Her mantle laps  
Over my Lady's wrist too much," or, "Paint  
Must never hope to reproduce the faint  
Half-flush that dies along her throat;" such stuff  
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough  
For calling up that spot of joy. She had  
A heart . . . how shall I say? . . . too soon made glad,

Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er  
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.  
Sir, 'twas all one! My favour at her breast,  
The dropping of the daylight in the west,  
The bough of cherries some officious fool  
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule  
She rode with round the terrace—all and each  
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,  
Or blush, at least. She thanked men,—good; but thanked  
Somehow . . . I know not how . . . as if she ranked  
My gift of a nine hundred years old name  
With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame  
This sort of trifling? Even had you skill  
In speech—(which I have not)—to make your will  
Quite clear to such an one, and say, "Just this  
Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,  
Or there exceed the mark"—and if she let  
Herself be lessened so, nor plainly set  
Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,  
—E'en then would be some stooping, and I choose  
Never to stoop. Oh, sir, she smiled, no doubt,  
Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without  
Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;  
Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands  
As if alive. Will't please you rise? We'll meet  
The company below, then. I repeat,  
The Count your master's known munificence  
Is ample warrant that no just pretence  
Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;  
Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed  
At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go  
Together down, sir! Notice Neptune, though,  
Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,  
Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me.

This dramatic scene requires to be read carefully. Every word which we find in it carries its own well-considered meaning and carefully anticipated weight. If, therefore, a man rattles through it expecting to sound its depths by one glancing inspection, for anything which he will draw from it to enrich his intellect, or awaken his imagination, he might just as well be reading Tupper; but if, on the other hand, he will only give it time enough and thought enough, we cannot doubt that he will feel himself in the presence of something which emphatically belongs to what De Quincey has somewhere denominated the "literature of power." And, if so, he will do well to remember, on Mr. Browning's behalf, how few in number are the men who thus contribute, in their several generations, to the immortality of the nation and the language from which they will stand out through a long succession of centuries as the "bright particular stars." Of Mr. Browning as a regular dramatist, it is difficult to speak fairly, if we confine ourselves to our actual brief. Seriously, we think that the passages offered to us here from his plays fail for the most part of their intended purpose. These plays are, perhaps, his chief efforts—it was, therefore, we suppose, impossible to pass them over without notice. But Mr. Browning is a poet who works so entirely under the guidance of a farseeing and preorganizing intellect, that everything he completes is, if we may so speak, woven without seam; and does not, in consequence, readily admit of being cut into samples. We recollect many years ago reading "Colombe's Birthday," "Pippa Passes," "Luria," and the "Blot on the Scutcheon," as *wholes*, with great delight. The selections, however, with the exception of the pathetic scene from the "Blot on the Scutcheon" (p. 179), lose much of their power by being detached from the context, and, as may be supposed, by no means represent the dramas from which they are taken with adequate effect. We do not know how, in a work of this nature, such a mishap could be avoided, but we regret it greatly nevertheless.

#### LA SORCIÈRE.\*

WHATEVER charms or merits this work may otherwise possess, it has the great drawback of thoroughly puzzling the reader. We are at a loss throughout to understand what it is that M. Michelet is driving at, and why he should have taken the trouble to treat such a subject at all. We feel that to the author there is evidently some drift in all we read; but this drift is hidden from us. It is not until we come to the epilogue, as M. Michelet terms the three or four concluding pages, that we understand why witches seemed to him worth writing about. In one of the few passages of the work which are at once ambitious and intelligible, M. Michelet describes an autumn morning which he watched at his house near Toulon. He paints the paling of the stars, the silverying of the blue of night, and the coming of the sun above the horizon. It is the dawn of the physical day; and this typifies to him the dawn of the triumph of nature which it is given us to witness in our days. Man was for centuries cut off from nature by the iron barrier of Church teaching and Church authority. In the old Pagan times, he and the physical world were in harmony, for he had that communion with nature which consists in seeing man, his passions and his desires, reflected in every striking physical phenomenon. In these latter days, we are in harmony with nature, or, at least, are beginning to be so, because science teaches us the mysteries of nature, and our conscience now permits us to follow where science leads. But there was a

\* *La Sorcière*. Par J. Michelet. Paris: Dentu. 1862.



dreadful interval, a long barren stretch of time, during which priests strove to separate man from nature, to wean him from the love of earth and of the beauties of the earth, and to depress every effort of the intellect. It was a time of great physical misery, and of great mental depression; a time of lawless violence and of a universal tyranny; and men had scarcely heart or mind to feel or think, except as they were bidden. But still the yearning of man for nature, and for communion with her, and the revolt of the imaginative mind against the terrible religious and social tyranny imposed on it, could not be altogether repressed; and a peculiar class of persons arose to represent this yearning and this revolt. These were the witches of the middle ages; and their influence over the common people, which was as great as it was wild, eccentric, and fitful, has for the modern philosopher this point of strong interest—that it forms a striking link between paganism and modern thought, and that it heralded the general uprising of the intellect against the mediæval Church, and the prominence of women in modern society. This seems to us to be the sort of view of witches and their history which M. Michelet desires to unfold, and we can only wish he would have made it a little easier to discover.

It is not, however, only that the general purport of the book is obscure; the whole style in which the book is written is one which wearies and provokes us. Like many French books dealing with a vast and complicated set of facts, it often affords us no clue as to what is meant to be asserted as a fact, and what is meant to be only poetry; and where it seems to assert facts, it often asserts them in such a way that we have no means of testing their truth. A Frenchman of the turn of mind of M. Michelet appears to deal with historical details by a double process of transmutation. He first reads up and collects a great mass of materials, some carefully, some very hastily, until he has struck out some general theory about the subject he has in hand. He then cuts his coat according to his cloth, and pares, and turns, and slices until the facts fit the theory to which they are adapted. But this is not all. He then pours over the theorized facts the flood of his poetry. He breaks his matter up into short paragraphs, each with something startling and epigrammatic in it; he gives every statement a fanciful twist, he sees everything, however simple, as if he were looking at it and the universe on a beautiful night with a thunderstorm coming on. The consequence is, that the reader may be amused, or charmed, or excited, but he is also very apt to be bewildered. We go on reading what M. Michelet chooses to tell us about witches, and devils, and the feelings of very poor peasant women in the eleventh century, without any notion whether what he says is true; and, what is worse, without any notion whether he means it to be taken as true. We are afraid that we are being perpetually enticed into a literary pitfall, and that we are deluded into accepting as a version of mediæval history what M. Michelet may consider that any fool would see to be only the poetical way of putting the thing. Nor is it possible to ascertain by any special knowledge what is meant to be true or not. If a man had spent his life in the improving task of gaining a thorough mastery of mediæval demonology, he still could not guide us; for M. Michelet would, we apprehend, inform him that he was merely an absurdly correct antiquary, whereas he, M. Michelet, is a poetical historian. There are parts of the book where persons with only a moderate degree of knowledge might easily criticise the author, if he was to be bound by the laws of criticism generally applied to history. It is evident that he takes a very one-sided view of many things—that he attends only to the stern and repressive character of mediæval Christianity, and omits to consider the comfort and happiness it brought with it; that he fastens on the worst evils of the serf's lot, and does not think of anything that mitigated the serf's misery. But although these would be grave objections to a work aiming at historical truth, they may not be objections to a work that only aims at a high poetical truth about history. We are quite at the mercy of the poetical historian; and the only revenge we have is that, at the end of the book, we can safely assert that it is a mere toss-up whether all he has written is sheer rubbish or not.

We fancy that M. Michelet's theories and poetical facts about witches may be arranged under three heads, corresponding with three successive stages in the history of witchcraft. In the early stage, we are introduced to the serfs of Western Europe groaning in the extremity of wretchedness, with no power of fleeing from their evils, with their wives at the mercy of furious lustful lords, and with an eternal necessity of wearing out their wretched lives in the service of their oppressors. Christianity has no hopes to give them for this world, and what it promises them in another world has little meaning for them. But they have one source of consolation, for paganism is not dead, and they have the blessing of a secret worship of the old Gods of Olympus. As the woman sits at home and thinks of her lot, and of her husband, and of the kind pagan Gods, and bountiful nature, she begins to dream that some little Mercury or Pan of a very homely kind will come to her help, and that a little elf will do her spinning for her, or milk the cow, or find the lost piece of money. In course of time this kindly demon becomes a tempting demon, and will have an unlawful mastery over her, if he is to help her. Her wanton imagination increases his size, until the pigmy has in her thoughts the stature of a properly grown spiritual lover. But it is only for the sake of her husband, to help him on his course, to get money

for him, and to have his domestic wants supplied, that she yields. Her husband profits by their secret alliance, and becomes a noticeable serf, and a sort of steward who has somehow to get the other serfs to pay him their money dues, and then to take the gold to the lord. But the demon contrives that the gold shall run short; and then what is to be done? The demon will only give the gold required if the wife will enter into a regular bond, and will sell her soul as for value received. She consents, and for a time all is well; but she grows so pretty under the caresses of her demon lover, that she attracts the notice of the lord and the jealousy of the lady of the neighbouring castle. The lady raises a popular feeling against her, and she flies into the woods and lives as a regular professed witch. This is the first stage of the history of witches; and this is the kind of thing which M. Michelet writes, and as to which we think other readers of the book will agree with us in considering that it is impossible to say whether M. Michelet wishes it to be taken as an account of real events or not, and that if he does, it is equally difficult to say how his statement is to be proved or denied. We cannot possibly test M. Michelet's description of the innermost feelings of an imaginary female serf of the twelfth century.

In the second stage, witches are a recognised set of people, who go about frightening their neighbours, but also healing them by the knowledge of herbs they acquired in their wanderings. M. Michelet is so botanical and technical in the names and nature of the plants used by witches, that he produces for the moment the agreeable impression that, here at least, he has some ground to go upon, and that he means pretty nearly what he says. These professional witches naturally exercised a great influence over the peasantry, and one very remarkable instance was the Witches' Sabbath. This was a meeting held at night at the outskirts of a wood, where the despairing serfs came, each attended by a woman. She might be young or old, married or unmarried; but something in the way of a woman was indispensable. The meeting first went through some awful ceremonies in mockery of the mass, and in honour of a wooden Satan, and then danced back to back until they were robbed of the little sense they brought with them. In the final stage witches came into collision with the Church. They disappeared almost entirely as a professional class; but a young woman who had any malady like epilepsy, or somnambulism, or was a weak, fanciful, ignorant creature, was easily persuaded, and persuaded others, that she was possessed by the devil. The ingenuity of ecclesiastical lawyers built up a series of elaborate subtleties to explain in what ways and to what extent the devil could operate; and M. Michelet is delighted with the ludicrous but not illogical doctrine that there was no reason why the very priest who was exorcising a devil should not be himself possessed by a devil, so that exorcism came to be held not only practically but theoretically ineffectual. A much more certain remedy was to burn every one who was accused of witchcraft; and this the Church freely did. In many cases which have acquired an unfortunate celebrity, there is strong reason to believe that the poor girls had been the victims of the desires of the priests before they became the victims of their judicial cruelty. M. Michelet devotes one half of his book to an account of some of these revolting cases; and it is probably because he thus puts priests to shame, and also in some small degree, perhaps, because he freely uses the many opportunities his subject gives him of handling licentious themes, that his book has been forbidden in France. We cannot honestly say that the French appear to us to lose very much by the prohibition.

#### THE HISTORY OF KING ARTHUR.\*

THIS edition of the *History of King Arthur* is well calculated to satisfy the interest in the old romances which of late years our Poet Laureate has raised by his admirable treatment of their legends. The name of Mr. Thomas Wright, who has revised this reprint from the last black-letter edition of 1634, with the addition of a valuable introduction and explanatory notes, is sufficient to recommend it to every lover of antiquarian literature. *La Mort d'Arthur*, which he has presented to us, is itself a translated digest from voluminous prose romances written in the Anglo-Norman dialect. Sir Thomas Malory, a knight of whom we know nothing beyond his name, and the fact that he was living in the reign of Edward IV., undertook the task of reducing the legends of *Merlin*, *Lancelot*, the *Quest of the St. Graal*, *Sir Tristram*, and the *Mort Artus*, to one great romance which claimed a kind of unity in the person of King Arthur. That this unity was not of a high artistic character may easily be seen from the volumes before us. The *History of Arthur* is an obvious attempt to weld together different romances. We can trace the conclusion of one legend and the commencement of another. We can even detect the repetition of incidents, which proves that the later portions of the history were written in imitation of the earlier; and it is rather melancholy to leave one cherished hero and begin the recital of another's exploits when the succession of the MSS. has made it necessary to open a new cycle of adventures. Such as it is, this compilation of Sir Thomas Malory has the greatest claim upon our interest. Though one of the earliest efforts in English prose composition, it was among the last utterances of mediæval

\* *La Mort d'Arthur. The History of King Arthur and of the Knights of the Round Table.* London: John Russell Smith, Soho Square. 1856.

literature. Written about fifteen years before Caxton committed it to type, it summed up all the chivalry of the ages that preceded it, while it continued to be the handbook of gentlemen, and the model of knightly excellence for many generations. What Homer was to the early Greeks, these old romances were to our ancestors; and Sir Thomas Malory played the part of a Pisistratus in collecting the scattered fragments of the national epic. He came at a time when the English language had just absorbed into itself the foreign elements which it contains, and the simple nervous style assumed by him well suited the plain and somewhat monotonous character of his subject. Elegance of expression and eloquence of rhetoric were not to be expected at that period, when even the grammatical construction of sentences varied according to the caprice of the writer. But Malory's style is vigorous and graphic. He uses strong Saxon words, and is remarkably free from anything French or Latin. Sometimes he rises to a poetical power of diction, especially when describing dreams, or the visions of the Sangreall, or remarkable appearances in nature. The study of such a "pure well of English undefiled" must have gone far to improve our language, and prepare the way for those writers of harmonious prose, among whom Sir Walter Raleigh was one of the earliest and greatest. To estimate the influence of this literature on feudal manners would be hard. It is clear that the legends of Arthur's knights represent a wholly fictitious society; but yet their exploits were sufficiently consistent with the customs of the times to make the moral they contained a standard of ideal excellence. Caxton, in his preface, tells us that he printed the book—

To the entente that noblemen may see and lerne the noble acts of chyvalrye, the jentyl and vertuous dedes, that somme knyghtes used in the dayes, by whyche they came to honour, and how they that were vicious were punished and often put to shame and rebuke, humbly bysyching al noble lordes and ladyes, wyth al other estates, of what estate or degree they been of, that shal see and rede in this sayd booke and werke, that they take the good and honest actes in their remembrance, and to folowe the same. Wherein they shalle fynde many joyous and playsaunt hystories and noble and renowned actes of humanyte, gentylnesse, and chyvalrye. For herein may be seen noble chyvalrye, curtesy, humanyte, frendlynnesse, hardynesse, love, frendshyp, cowardyse, murdre, hate, vertue, synne. Doo after the good, and leve the evyl, and it shal bryng you to good fame and renommee.

This romance transports us into a strangely unreal world. Its endless details of battles, tournaments, pageants, and adventures leave nothing but an indistinct and shadowy impression on our mind, like a confused but gorgeous piece of arras work, full of fine colours and carefully-wrought figures, but governed by no general conception. It is, in short, a mirror of the middle ages—the age of individual prowess, of ceaseless movement and the paramount importance of little things. Across this mist float the forms of Merlin, Morgan la Fay, and the Lady of the Lake, connecting the heroes of romance with a world of magic, in which everything is possible. Strange beasts and dragons, invisible knights and enchanted castles, add to the unreality of the whole scene; and, amid the common duels and great slaughters or pompous feasts that form the bulk of the story, we hear of strange prophecies, premonitions of sure-coming woes, "the dolorous stroke," the death of Arthur, the Quest of the Sangreall, and all the dissolution of the Round Table. This element of mysticism is indeed one of the most attractive characteristics of the old romance. In the simplicity of its expression, and in the weird sense of unexplained melancholy that comes over the goodly table like a twilight of the gods, we find an unpremeditated vein of poetry that cannot fail to touch us. It is when Guenever has fallen, and the mysterious achievement of the holy vessel begins, that this deep shadow descends, reminding us of guilt and expiation, and all the religious superstition in which the middle ages were involved. This Quest of the Sangreall forms so important a part of both the plot and the substance of the later narrative that it may be well to explain its nature. The legend runs that, after Christ's death, Joseph of Arimathea came to England and brought with him the communion cup which our Lord had used at the Last Supper. To find this cup, or Graal, as it is called in the Provencal dialect, became the object of King Arthur's knights. For whosoever saw the vessel, or the blood of Christ which it contained, was straightway healed of his wounds, and to none but the pure and holy was the sight vouchsafed. Three knights only, Sir Galahad, Sir Bors, and Sir Percival, stainless in their lives and thoughts, achieved this honour. How they achieved it is told us in the following narrative, which clearly proves that the legend of the Sangreall was connected with the mystery of transubstantiation. After describing how the three knights saw "Joseph, the first Bishop of Christendome," descend from heaven, attended by four angels who bore the sacred cup, it proceeds to say:—

And then the Bishop made semblance as though he would have gone to the saking of the masse; and then he tooke a wapher, which was made in the likeness of bread, and at the lifting up there came a figure in the likeness of a child, and the visage was as red and as bright as any fire, and smote himself into that bread, so that they all saw that the bread was formed of a fleshy man.

After this, from the holy vessel there appeared to them a man that bore the signs of Christ's passion, who was a vision of our Lord himself. He gave them of the wafer, and commanded them, as his "knights, and servants, and true children, which be come out of deadly life into spiritual life," to go forth and do nobly and valiantly in remembrance of the great favours accorded to them.

These three knights are the patterns of chastity and good manners in the legend. Like the brotherhood of St. John, they

led a semi-monastic life, and constantly communed with the invisible by means of dreams and supernatural illumination. Generally speaking, the chivalrous morality is not of the highest order; but we must remember that Arthur's commandment to his knights—

never to do outrage nor murder, and alway to flee treason; also by no means to be cruel, but to give mercy unto him that asked mercy, upon paine of forfeiture of their worship and lordship of King Arthur for evermore; and alway to doe ladies, damosels, and gentlewomen succour upon paine of death—

was an ideal far above the practical standard of morals in feudal times. Moreover, the marriage law is always theoretically respected. Half the troubles of the legend rise from Lancelot's love for Guenever, which is the only stain upon his perfect knighthood; and it is carefully established that Arthur was begotten by Uther upon Igraine after the death of her own husband. On the other hand, vengeance is accounted honourable and just; blood calls for blood; human life is nowhere respected; and the most savage customs and dues are not only tolerated, but even religiously observed in obedience to the caprice of feudal suzerains. Magic is always connected with any kind of learning. Morgan la Fay goes to a nunnery, and there studies "nigromancy" and all hellish arts, so that she is able to change herself and her suite into stones before King Arthur. The dame Linet, who understands surgery, is an adept in charms, which have such potency that she resuscitates a knight after he has been hewn into small pieces, and cast into a castle moat. Merlin again was brought up by the friar Blaise, and called a "divel's son" for his great subtlety and learning; which consisted in assuming disguises, uttering prophecies, and swift travelling. His learning cost him dear, nor did his knowledge of the future avail him aught, when Nimue, the damsel of the lake, charmed him with his own enchantments beneath the broad stone by the wood side. In all this we are reminded of an age which looked on friar Bacon as a magician communing with a head of brass, which surrounded the memory of Virgil with supernatural stories, and which gave birth to the character of Dr. Faustus.

To add to the unreality of these romances, we find the strangest confusion of geography and history, of classical mythology and Christian legend. To disbelieve in the good knight, Hector of Troy, is accounted heresy. He, together with Joshua, David, and Judas Maccabeus, with Alexander and Julius Caesar, with Godfrey of Bullogne, and Charlemagne, make up the eight worthies of the world, to whom King Arthur is a noble ninth. After the birth of Mordred, his son by an incestuous though unconscious union with his sister, which reminds us of the doom of a Greek tragedy, Arthur, the flower of chivalry, resorts to the same expedient as Herod, and murders all the children. Further on, his sister Morgan acts the part of a Medea, and sends him a robe that burns to death whoever puts it on. The story of his subjugation of the Roman Empire affords a good instance of geographical confusion. To decipher the etymology of some of its provinces would be difficult. In Pounce, Pamphylia, and Surry, we see French editions of Pontus, Pamphylia, and Syria. But we confess our inability to make anything of Ambage, Ertaine, Cayer, Cateland, and Arrage, unless the last two stand for Catalonia and Arragon. Also in the train of Roman senators and Sarrasins, of giants and of knights from Tuskaine, that follow the apocryphal Emperor Lucius Tiberius, we recognise the historian's sublime indifference to time, and place, and local colouring. Even the geography of England is uncertain. Camelot changes its position, Glastonbury is the island valley of Avilion, and it is not always clear whether Brittany has to be reached by sea or not. Yet amid so much that is vague and indiscreet, the chief interest of the *Mort d'Arthur* is to be found in the individuality of its great heroes. Arthur is himself the model of knighthood, but Percival surpasses him in gentleness and innocence. Sir Gowline, on the other hand, though a brave knight endowed with the strength of three men, is cruel and churlish, swift to shed blood, and careless of ladies. Sir Kay is the satirical spirit of the romance. His biting tongue and malicious temper are as well known as the mighty deeds of valour with which he rescued Arthur from the battle of the five kings. It was he who surnamed Sir Gareth, of Orkeney, *Beaumaines*, and taunted him because he had lived a year in Arthur's kitchen. He too in scorn gave another noble knight the mocking title of *La-cote-male-taile*, which stuck to him for life. The meek endurance of these youths, and their devotion to the damsels who rail at them in imitation of Sir Kay, presents a fine specimen of the good breeding and respect for women which formed an essential part of the chivalrous character. Sir Lancelot is the strongest knight of all, perfect except in his love for Guenever. And even this softens his nature, making him tender toward all ladies and swift to succour the afflicted. The strength and constancy of his passion seem to have atoned for its misplacement; for though he might not achieve the quest of the Sangreall, yet he died a holy man, and was borne by angels to heaven, which opened its gates visibly to greet him. This legend of Lancelot—the story of his madness and of his long unhappy love—was the favourite theme of minstrels, and of ladies, and of knights in the middle age. The tale of Tristram is of later growth, and in all main points presents a reflex of the older romance.

The individuality of character which we noticed as a chief point of interest in these old romances has enabled Tennyson to make them the subject of his best poems. With the exception of the story of Enid, which is taken from Mabinogion, and of Vivien,



which follows a French romance more closely than the parallel account of Merlin's death given in King Arthur, all of Tennyson's poems on this class of subjects may be traced to the *Mort d'Arthur*. We will extract two passages from the narrative of Arthur's death, that it may be seen how carefully Tennyson has preserved the style of the original, and at the same time with what skill he has added life and richness to the vigorous but meagre character of its language. No better specimens could be chosen of its simple power of description. King Arthur gives the sword to Sir Bedivere:—

And so Sir Bedivere departed; and by the way he beheld that noble sword where the pummell and the haft were all of precious stones, and then he said to himself, "If I throw this rich sword into the water, thereof shall never come good, but harme and losse." And then Sir Bedivere hid Excalibur under a tree, and as soone as hee might, he came againe unto King Arthur, and said hee had bene at the water, and had thrown the sword into the water. "What sawest thou there?" said the king. "Sir," said he, "I saw nothing but the water wap and waves waun."

After a second act of disobedience, Bedivere throws the sword into the water, upon which the arm rises and takes it; he then returns to the king, whom he bears to the barge, and to the ladies, who receive him and mourn over him:—

Then cried Sir Bedivere, "Ah! my lord Arthur, what shall become of mee now ye goe from me, and leave me here alone among mine enemies?" "Comfort thy selfe," said King Arthur, "and doe as well as thou maigest, for in mee is no trust to trust in; for I wil into the vale of Avilion for to heale me of my grievous wound; and if thou never heere more of mee, pray for my soule!"

After the death of Arthur, swiftly follows that of Guenever and Lancelot, and thus terminates this "fable or romance of Uther's Son, Begirt with English and Armoric knights." The pious compiler shuts his volume with the desire that all who read it "from the beginning to the ending pray for mee while I am alive that God send me good deliverance." Long as the legend is, and tedious and oft-told as so many of its incidents appear, we cannot but feel sorry to leave this old romance. *Amadis, the Romance of the Rose, and Palmerin of England*, fail to excite the same national enthusiasm as this tale of Britain's Arthur. Whether he lived or not we do not care. We are even content to believe that the mythopoeic power of chivalry created him from a few sentences of *Geoffrey of Monmouth's Chronicle*. For we find a deeper truth than that of history in the legend, and can still admire in its pages an ideal not unworthy of the imitation of a modern gentleman. This truth to nature, and the popularity which the book enjoyed among our ancestors, must always endear it to our hearts.

#### THE BISHOP OF EXETER.\*

EVERYTHING that printer and publisher could do for this work has been well done. It deserves all the credit that Turner meant to give the painter who asked his opinion of his pictures, when he replied, "Who makes your frames? they are excellent." We must also give the compiler some real credit for industry. He has ransacked the Bishop's early writings and speeches, and the *Edinburgh Review*, with fingers that must many a time have ached under the scissors; and two or three points are well worked out in consequence. That is, the facts are fully stated, left pretty nearly to speak for themselves, and certain popular delusions about his Lordship, such as his imagined change of opinion on the Roman Catholic question, are triumphantly dispelled. But when this is said all is said. The book is very dull—dull *per se*, duller still when we remember the "times" in which the Bishop has been a leading actor, and reflect for a moment what his Life might have been, and may perhaps yet be, when the time has come for writing it, and the materials for the work are in the proper hands. There is, moreover, an undercurrent of small insinuation and what we must take leave to call backbiting throughout the volume, which frets the reader very offensively. He gets a personal experience of the state of mind of a cat when its back is being rubbed the wrong way. There is a general sensation of something going against the grain that is singularly unpleasant, and there remains at the end only a feeling of great relief that it is all over. To be sure, there are scraps of embryo scandal here and there, that promise some amusement to the lovers of that sort of literature; and a spicy promise in the concluding sentence—"Nothing worthy of record occurs to mark the close of the second year of his episcopate, but the year that was opening was destined to be an eventful one"—is in the best style of the Bartlemy-fair showman. Walk up, walk up, ladies and gentlemen, buy the next volume, and you shall see what you shall see. But a clever performer would have dangled his bells better. The book is dull as far as it goes, and we suspect it will remain so to the end.

We doubt Mr. Shutte's ability to be interesting so entirely, that we even venture to think we could write his next volume for him off-hand, and almost blindfold. Given, a copy of the Bishop's charges, a good pair of scissors and some paste; a file of the *Times* for the Parliamentary work, and one of a local newspaper for the diocesan part of the business; the *Companion to the Almanack* for subsidiary facts and running commentary; add to these a fair acquaintance with the confidential tittle-tattle of the inferior circles in a cathedral town, and a good strong infusion of the

*Barchester Towers* sort of talk; sprinkle here and there a little personal vinegar, and the thing is done. The honour that the Bishop's name is going to get lies all before us at a glance, and a reader of average capacity may save his shillings.

The compiler must allow us to say that, apart from any special unfitness he may have for this particular exploit, he has mistaken his vocation in taking to biography at all. He is a life-monger, not a biographer. He could write anybody's life with equal felicity, and therefore nobody's well. A biography requires a capacity, geniality, sympathy with its subject, and, we must add, an acquaintance with it, of which he seems to have simply no notion at all. His "Life" is no more a biography than the *Annual Register* is a history, or a penny peep-show a drama. Of the Bishop's "Writings" he knows just as much as his scissors can tell him; and of his "Times" he seems to understand (so far as this volume enables us to judge) nothing whatever. The main part of it is taken up with the Bishop's Durham days, 1805—1830; and, to any one who knows aught about them, what days they were! All over Europe the brood of the first French Revolution was getting fledged and strong on the wing. At home, the great Reform egg was hatching in the North, among the Greys and Grahams, and Elliots, and Lambtons, and Edinburgh Reviewers, and the rest. In Durham Diocese, more especially, the incubation was close and warm. There, more than elsewhere, flourished the magnates of the Opposition; and there, especially, they were personally acerbated by the offensive neighbourhood of the upstart Chancellor—old Scott's son, the Newcastle merchant (though, by the way, the family from which he sprang was ennobled some six centuries ago), who had kept these oligarchical patrons of democracy so long in private life. They were acerbated still more by the cold presence of uncongenial Durham—Durham, with its magnificent ceremonial (magnificent and popular even then), with its massive learning, its graceful hospitalities, its noble charities, and, above all, its two great Prince-Prelates of the time, the greatest and the last of their line, stately Barrington, and scholarly, yet scarce less stately, Van Mildert—Durham, that looked down upon the fretful wasps of the Queen Caroline row, or the Reform meeting, much as Durham tower looks down upon the noise and squabbles of its annual fair; embittered most of all, and stung at times into unaristocratic ebullitions of rather helpless spleen, by the young prebendary who had just been unpleasantly dropped down among them. And he, a man of faultless life, of the highest academical reputation, Eldon's nephew by marriage, the active parish priest, the able magistrate, the accomplished theologian, the versatile wit, the caustic pamphleteer, with his ready knowledge of men and things, his accurate measure of his antagonist, and his awkward knack of leaving anybody who meddled with him unquestionably second-best at the end of the encounter—it was not in human nature to bear it all, and there was froth, and splutter, and bile accordingly. Alas! it is all lost upon the helpless compiler of this *Life and Times*. Grey's cold hauteur, fine—classically fine, yet not above descending to a trick or two at times, to serve a turn; Lambton's well-remembered amenities, social and personal (we venture to say, if Mr. Shutte were asked the then meaning of "Durham mustard," he could tell us just as much as his grocer, and no better); Cuthbert Rippon, a very volume of grotesque absurdity in himself—they might all have been A. B. and C. for aught Mr. Shutte knows, with round O. for the hero of the story. Mr. Lambton is "a gentleman of high descent and unblemished life, whose only offence upon this occasion seems to have been that he had the misfortune of differing from Mr. Phillpotts." The first, and very congenial, member for the Reform borough of Gateshead, the original proprietor, if we remember, of the bright idea of improving the House of Lords by expelling the Bishops, is only "a Mr. Rippon." Not the faintest notion of his profound ignorance of the people he is writing about seems ever to have occurred to him. A speech is a speech for him, and a pamphlet is a pamphlet, and he plods on through thick and thin with a good solid stolid Church and King jog-trot, and fully believes that he has been writing somebody's life all the while. Here and there he wakes up with a bit of independent criticism. At one time he defends the Bishop from the rather imaginary charge of seeking to "constitute himself the leader of a clerical faction," on the odd ground that "he was not qualified to become the leader of his brethren." At another he rebukes him for saying a civil sentence about William III.; at another, for not speaking so respectfully of Gregory VII. as the compiler thinks he ought to have done. But these are few and faint scintillations of original genius. In the main, the volume reminds one of nothing on earth so much as the interminable joggling of an old stage-coach along a night journey, with its uncomfortable sensation of somebody perpetually shuffling his feet, or kicking one's shins, or making himself miscellaneously disagreeable, varied only here and there with a jerk and a jolt in earnest, just to keep one from getting nicely to sleep over it. Before he began, Mr. Shutte expressed his honest belief, and repeats it in his preface, that in declining to lend a hand at his own exenteration the Bishop has withheld "the assistance which can alone make the work valuable." Until we read the book from end to end we had not the faintest notion how correct his own appreciation of his work would turn out to be.

We have hitherto spoken of Mr. Shutte as the compiler of this *Life, Times, and Writings*; and we have been obliged to say that we think him a dull one. In the preface he appears as an original author; and we doubt whether such a queer concatenation of statements has ever been exhibited to a wondering

\* *The Life, Times, and Writings of the Right Rev. Dr. Henry Phillpotts, Lord Bishop of Exeter.* By the Rev. Reginald N. Shutte, B.A., Rector of S. Mary Steps, Exeter. Vol. I. London: Saunders, Otley, & Co. 1863.

world before. We should gladly have let the too famous Shutte correspondence slumber on to the end of time; but as the author especially addresses himself to us, we cannot avoid the distasteful task of examining once more his reasons for undertaking a work for which he is, to our mind, so eminently unqualified. Mr. Shutte feels that "it may, perhaps, be expected that I should say something as to the circumstances which have led to the production of this work;" and, no doubt, writing somebody else's biography against his will is an exploit which *prima facie* wants a little explanation. But it might have been given in two words, as he gave it at first. The publishers proposed the undertaking to him, and "the terms were so liberal that after careful consideration" he "could not refuse to undertake the work." These words, from his first letter to the Bishop, are explicit enough, and we think he would have done well to leave the matter where it stood. He adds to the "liberal terms" another reason now, as follows:—"Supposing that I had declined it, would the projected work have fallen to the ground? I am not vain enough to believe that it would. So that in point of fact I am only doing what somebody else would have done, if he had had the same opportunity." The major premise of this curious argument appears to be, that anybody may do what anybody else would if he had the chance. We should be sorry to think that this is the kind of doctrine that is often preached by English clergymen to their congregations. It is popular, no doubt, among the less scrupulous class of stock-jobbers; it is the excuse commonly given by fraudulent grocers, publicans, &c., for what are called "the tricks of the trade;" and Cowper tells us that in his day it was the pet argument of the more sentimental sort of slave-dealers. Most of us when we were little boys, learned by heart his exposition of it:—

I own I am shocked at the purchase of slaves,  
And fear those who buy them and sell them are knaves,  
But — &c. &c.

#### Ending with—

So he shared in the plunder but pitied the man.

Exactly Mr. Shutte's case, barring the pity. The moral right and wrong of the matter does not appear to have troubled him during the whole course of his "careful consideration." The "liberal terms," and "somebody else will get them if I don't," seem to exhaust his literary decalogue. Anything is right and decent that anybody else would do, provided only that it pays. Mr. Shutte is happily not a logician, or his doctrine would lead him into a few difficulties now and then. He can hardly have failed in the course of his professional experience to have had to dissuade some well-meaning parishioner from adopting a line of life which would be pretty sure to be morally injurious to him—to dissuade, for instance, a man whose weakness lay in that direction from taking a public-house. How does he propose hereafter to deal with the ordinary answer he will get? "It is an excellent opening—i.e. there are liberal terms; somebody else will take it if I don't; why shouldn't I?"

Mr. Shutte is not quite happy because perverse people persist in a belief that a person's consent should be obtained before he is turned into an exhibition for the benefit of the first comer. So he assures us that he "did his best to ascertain that no biography was contemplated by the Bishop's family or immediate friends" before he set his scissors to work. We think he might have spared himself the trouble, though we should rather like to see the letters that he wrote upon the subject—to the Bishop's son, for instance, or his chaplain—to inquire whether they meant to make merchandize of the Bishop's "remains" before his Lordship has quite done with them himself. He adds that he "wrote to his Lordship, announcing the work on which he was engaged; did not ask for his co-operation in direct terms;" (the Bishop, it appears, had settled that question rather summarily on a former occasion, and seems to have forgotten the impertinence;) yet Mr. Shutte "worded his letter in such a way that it was impossible to mistake his meaning." He wrote, in short, much as Mr. Thackeray's "Jeames" would have done if the brilliant notion of writing his last master's life and times had occurred to him by way of turning a penny. He now boasts, in the loudest voice that capital letters, twice repeated, can bawl, that the Bishop admits he has "an UNDOUBTED RIGHT to publish such a work;" and then triumphantly asks, "If he admits it, who has any reason to object?" Nobody, we readily admit, except, perhaps, clerical self-respect, and an ordinary sense of literary propriety; and these are, unfortunately, nobodies now-a-days, if anything can be got by forgetting their existence. Here, again, we venture to hope that our author's doctrine is esoteric, and reserved for the purchasers of octavo volumes. It would be hardly safe to preach to a mixed congregation that every one has an undoubted right to do everything that nobody has, in so many words, forbidden his doing. It is marvellous how many undoubted rights an Englishman has when he comes to reckon them up. He may swear, fight cocks, bully his wife, tell lies, get drunk, write a silly book, flirt to the edge of Sir Cresswell Cresswell's tether, and make a fool of himself in almost any conceivable way, without legal let or hindrance. We do not think it a profitable employment of time to preach a sermon to a clergyman. We only wish to remind our author that, while St. Paul was a sufficiently stout exponent of undoubted rights when he said, "All things are lawful for me," he adds a caution which this present writer might do well to meditate upon, "all things are not expedient"—eating

forbidden "Lives" among the number. The question for any one who would not degrade the honourable profession of letters below the level of an honest trade is not what he may do, but what he ought. And we venture to say that, if this question had been duly asked, this book would never have been written.

We have neither space nor inclination to follow Mr. Shutte through some pages of similar oddities. We are not surprised at his saying that, in refusing to have anything to do with him and his book-making, "the Bishop said exactly what I wanted him to say—the utmost I wished was that he should not object;" nor at the oracular announcement that there "are weighty considerations, certainly not connected with any gain to myself" (Mr. Shutte does not seem to have heard the very familiar proverb, *qui s'excuse, s'accuse*), "why this biography should appear while the Bishop is still among us," although in defiance of all considerations that have hitherto imposed reserve on literary men. Nor do we wonder at the rather startling sentence that "against his Lordship's wishes he would not have persisted in the work," prefacing the very book in which he has so persisted; nor at a dozen other passages that are equally astonishing to people of ordinary capacities. We no more think of criticizing little peculiarities of this kind in the adventurous explorer who has added to biographical literature a whole region hitherto supposed to be forbidden ground—and one to some writers the most inviting, and to many readers unquestionably the spiciest, of them all—than we should think of passing an opinion on Columbus's handwriting or Marlborough's spelling.

There is one passage, however, in Mr. Shutte's preface which we suppose we must not omit, as it is specially intended for our own instruction. In commenting on Mr. Shutte's request to be allowed to wait on his Lordship in order to submit the extracts from the Bishop's letters which he proposed to use, or—as he had before expressed it more generally—to "have the benefit of his Lordship's judgment on doubtful or difficult points," we said a word or two about the genialities of Bishopstowe, and the pleasure anybody might anticipate from waiting on his Lordship there, and travelling in his company over the incidents of his life. Mr. Shutte wishes to tell us that all he wanted could be accomplished in a quiet half hour—a species of accommodation, on the part of a bishop, which he seems to think that everybody who has been benefited eight years and a half in the cathedral city somehow has a right to. And perhaps with an innocent wish to divert attention from these odd reasons, chronological and local, for demanding a person's assistance at his own—whatever may be the opposite of—apothecosis, Mr. Shutte falls foul of us as follows:—

I am aware, indeed, that a weekly print has had a great deal to say about the idea of my inviting myself to bed and board at Bishopstowe for an unlimited period, but the writer seems to think that there is no other way of satisfactorily communicating with a bishop except through the medium of a good dinner. In his idea the episcopal heart only expands over a bottle of dry old port.

Lord Macaulay somewhere tells us that there is a class of persons who never hear of anything being good without straightway imagining that it must be something good to eat. The immortal Jeames was of that persuasion; so, it seems, is Mr. Shutte.

#### DANIEL MANIN, AND VENICE IN 1848-9.

THE language in which the Duke of Wellington's French despatches were written has been well characterized as "vigorous Continental English." The only criticism suitable to the language into which Charles Martel has translated Henri Martin's life of Manin, is to christen it not-vigorous insular French. Although Henri Martin is gifted with an unquestionable power of writing history, his style is, even in his own tongue, too prone to rhetorical and spasmodic excitability to fall with a true dignity of sound and sense upon a British ear; and when so *criard* a manner of writing is carried into English by the barest process of literal translation, its peculiarities are exaggerated to a vexatious extent. Yet, in whatever dress the history of Daniel Manin is to be found, it cannot be without interest to all who care for either the past or the future of Italy. The documents connected with the revolution and siege of Venice in 1848-9, which were so carefully arranged and edited by M. Planat de la Faye from Manin's own portfolios, must always form the basis of any trustworthy sketch of Manin's history. But every fresh touch of personal character, and every genuine incident relating to the central figure of that remarkable epoch in the annals of Venice, which can be rescued from oblivion on the authority of accurate witnesses, is a valuable addition to the literature of Italian history. Even at the present moment, when the question of Venetian independence is, by the forced consent of Italian politicians, relegated to the horizon of an indefinite future, it is impossible to regard the heroic struggle of the Venetians in 1848-9 as a merely barren example of self-sacrifice, or to believe that it will not sooner or later be rewarded, in the fortunes of Venice herself, with the freedom which it has helped to make possible for the rest of Italy. Nor, although the seventeen months during which Manin was President of the resuscitated Republic of Venice were

\* *Daniel Manin, and Venice in 1848-9.* By Henri Martin. Translated by Charles Martel; with a Preface by Isaac Butt, Q.C. London: Skeet, 1862.



the most prominent and public portion of his life, and changed him from a more or less known provincial lawyer into a name of European renown, is the direct influence which he exerted on Italian politics confined to those months alone, or to the stage upon which he was then acting. The letters written by Manin to Pallavicini, in the years between the recapture of Venice by the Austrians and his own death in 1857, show the clear-sighted energy with which he devoted himself, in failing health and in solitary exile, to the formation of a truly national party among the severed interests and suicidal factions of the Italian States. The Venetian Manin died in Paris, as the Sicilian D'Alessandro died in Malta, "a poor man and proscribed," before the fresh gleam of approaching hope had risen on the horizon to any part of Italy except the little corner of Piedmont. To neither was it given to foresee the particular steps by which, within thirteen years from their own great struggle and temporary failure, the greater part of Italy was to be united in one free kingdom. The actual process of the liberation of Sicily and Naples by Garibaldi was as much out of the probabilities of uninspired prophecy as any sudden falling-off of the chains of Venetia could be now. Yet that faith and hope in the destinies of their common country with which the exiles of 1849 from Venice, Palermo, Florence, Rome, and Naples alike worked and thought against hope for year after year, has been justified and crowned in part, as, if Italy remain true to herself, it will be at last in the whole.

The character of Daniel Manin, as drawn by Martin and by Planat de la Faye, and as it breathes through every line of his letters, speeches, public writings, and public acts, is that of a man of singular truth and sincerity. It was difficult for an Italian patriot, living under Austrian rule, to be upon all occasions not only truthful, but frank and open. The vision of immurement for life in Spielberg, which could not but float before the eyes of every patriot of free thought and free speech, modified the tone of the bravest and most self-devoted Italians, lest a rash openness should uselessly waste the lives and powers which they owed to their country. It was necessary for the most downright orator or writer to mould his thoughts into the most guarded form before the public expression of them; and it was almost inevitable that he should contract somewhat of a habit of curious and subtle irony of style analogous to that which now marks so strongly the skilful fencing of Parisian journalism with the arbitrary censorship of the Second Empire. Yet Manin's nature was frank in the extreme. From his earliest youth he kept aloof from the temptations of all secret societies. Under all circumstances, his instincts led him to an honest acceptance of the situation in which he was placed, and a loyal and single-hearted struggle to better it with lawful weapons. The man who turned the Austrians out of Venice was, nevertheless, an unflinching observer of order, and an enthusiastic worshipper of law. Through the whole of his political career he bound himself by the same rules of legal justice and unswerving honesty by which he wished to bind his adversaries, the Austrian officials. From first to last no Austrian could say with truth that he had ever been deceived by Manin. Nor could any Italian. In the distinction he draws between Manin and O'Connell, M. Martin does not do full justice to his Venetian hero. He says that their measures were similar, but their aims different—that O'Connell, who aspired only to secure for the Irish equality with the English in the free British Empire, was "always an agitator, never a revolutionist;" while Manin, "the citizen of a dismembered country, the severed portions of which wished to be joined together again," used the semblance of legality which Austria was forced to acknowledge, only to prove the incapacity of Austria to respect her own laws, and "was agitator in order to become revolutionist." We have no wish to discuss the accuracy of the foreign portrait of O'Connell; but it would have been truer to say of Manin that he was, by moral instinct and training, neither an agitator nor a revolutionist at all. Whatever his dreams of the ultimate future of Venice and Italy might be during the years before 1848, Manin's whole personal and political working during those years was neither revolutionary nor agitational. He did not believe in the possibility of a successful Italian revolution, except through an improbable convulsion in France or Germany. Every move of his contest with the Austrian authorities in Venetia was honestly made in and for the practical assertion of some principle of right or law, as every move of his public life which did not come into collision with them was honestly meant for the immediate and permanent benefit of his country. Unlike the agitator by profession, he never said more than he meant, and never instigated others to think that he meant more than he said, and to act accordingly. Unlike the professional revolutionist, he spoke and acted in strict faith towards the Imperial Government of the despotism of which he complained. Whatever concessions of right had been granted at his instance would have been loyally acknowledged as the basis of future relations with the Government, although they might also have formed the basis of a further constitutional struggle for the recognition of Italian rights. Manin's policy was not a plan for driving out the Austrians by a *reductio ad absurdum*. His aim and endeavour was, by a process of constant self-assertion and regeneration, to *make*, not to revolutionize Italy.

The crisis of 1848, which so swiftly brought Venice and North Italy in arms face to face with the forces of Austria, was not the crisis which Manin had wrought for; but it found him prepared to meet, use, and guide it. There are few more interesting or instructive examples of a resolutely and skilfully patriotic assertion of the rights of citizenship in relation to the constituted government than the petition and letter of Manin to the Venetian

Central Congregation of December 1847 and January 1848, and his subsequent examinations after his arrest by the Austrian police. During the imprisonment of Manin and Tommaseo, which lasted from January 18 to March 17, each week brought fresh news to Venice of the brightening hopes of liberty in Italy, in the constitutions granted at Naples, Florence, and Turin, the successful revolt of Sicily, and the growing faith of the Romans in their Liberal Pontiff. Each successive interrogation gave Manin the opportunity of turning to legitimate account these symptoms in the neighbouring States, by making a clearer and more comprehensive demand of the liberties which were reasonably due from the Imperial Government to the Venetian people. This plan of action was within the natural range of Manin's insight into the future, and for the help which it might bring to Venice he risked his own life or liberty without hesitation and without bravado. But the revolution at Paris and the insurrection at Vienna were events upon which neither Manin nor any one else had found reason to calculate. The manifesto in which M. de Lamartine constituted himself the judge, whether in the decrees of Providence the hour had come for the reorganization of oppressed nationalities, poured a fresh flood of light and hope in through Manin's prison windows. It was not to be wondered at that he felt that at last the hour had come for Venice to strike a stroke for her own freedom. On his release from prison, he put off the character of the simple pleader for liberty under the law, to act as the leader of a free people in the assertion of its independence. He expelled the disorganized Austrians from Venice without one drop of blood being shed (except in the murder by the workmen of the arsenal of the unfortunate Austrian officer in command); and for a year and a half, through popular tumult and excitement, through blockade, siege, and bombardment, through pestilence, famine, and despair, he kept Venice united, orderly, and free. How he did so is well worth reading in the pages of Martin or Planat de la Faye. That he did so is another proof of the truth of Oliver Cromwell's great saying, "One never mounts so high as when one does not know where one is going;" for until the hour came, Manin never dreamed of the task that lay before him. When he entered the State prison in January, the chances were a hundred-fold greater that he would never leave it except on the road to Spielberg, than that within three months he should be the President of the Venetian Republic. Nor did he covet the greatness which his duty put upon him, or know, till the time came, that it was his duty:—

"If our country were free," his wife had once said to him, "you should be Minister." "God protect me from it," he replied; "my vocation is opposition." Having no desire for power, he thought he had no aptitude for it. Afterwards, when pressed to distract the torments of his recollections by writing them, "I cannot write," he replied, with one of those sudden and charming smiles which sometimes illumined his usually gloomy countenance, "I don't know how to do anything. I am good for nothing, except to govern men."

It is impossible to trace the fortunes of Venice under Manin with any accuracy, without going into the concurrent details of the two campaigns of the Lombard war. But the first irreparable blow to the chances of Venetian liberty was actually dealt by an error of the Provisional Government of Venice itself within twenty-four hours of the Austrian capitulation, without the knowledge, and before the installation of Manin. The Austrian squadron of eleven ships of war, stationed at Pola, was in fact the Venetian fleet (manned and officered by Venetians and Dalmatians), and would have gladly answered the call of its fellow-countrymen. The only steamboat then in the port of Venice (one of the Austrian Lloyd's), was ordered by the Provisional Government to take instructions to the fleet at Pola. At the same time the Austrian ex-governor, Count Palffy, was unwisely allowed to embark in this steamer. When at sea, Palffy frightened or persuaded the captain into steering straight for Trieste. The news came to Pola from the Austrian, and not from the Venetian side, and the fleet was prevented by the guns of the fortress from putting to sea. But for this mishap, the Austrians would have been unable, even after Novara and the recall of the Sardinian squadron, to blockade Venice on the side of the Adriatic. It is useless to speculate upon the different result which might have followed had the command of the sea been throughout in the hands of Manin. The final bombardment of the city by D'Aspre and Gorzkowski was difficult of endurance; but the only immediate cause of the surrender was the actual want of food, and the pestilence which famine had generated. The provisions were absolutely exhausted on the very day when the troops of Radetzky entered Venice. As it was, an indefinite resistance would then have availed nothing. The last dream of hope for the Republic of Manin faded away with the abrupt termination of the Hungarian war; but after the defeat of the Italian cause at Novara, there was no possible end but one, however delayed, unless England or France should interfere.

In Mr. Butt's introductory note to Martin's second volume is to be found a very clear and just statement of the policy of Lord Palmerston in regard of the Italian struggle in 1848-49. To discourage all foreign interference or armed intervention; to preserve the general peace of Europe; to mediate always from an impartial point of view with regard to the reasonable prospects and actual advantages of the contending parties; not to commit England to war unless her own interest or honour directly required it—such were the firm bases of action of the English Foreign Minister. It is impossible to read the diplomatic correspondence of the time without gaining the conviction that Lord Palmerston gave through-

out the wisest advice alike to Venice and Austria. It was, as usual, the fortune of true neutrality to please and convince neither side. Austria knew that England would not go to war, and shifted her grounds of negotiation without regard for the moral pressure of an impassible mediator. Venice undervalued the candid advice of a friend whose candour forbade him to offer more than advice. The officious sympathy of French Consuls, holding out every hope of material aid to Manin, while pressing upon their own Government the disadvantage to France of allowing the formation of a powerful kingdom in North Italy—the willingness of M. de Lamartine to intervene, if in the decrees of Providence the hour had arrived for the rectification of the French frontier on the side of Savoy—the vague or positive assurances of support given by Cavaignac and Bastide, and even the oracular silence of the Prince President when urged by the Venetian envoys to undo his uncle's wrong of Campo Formio—were more flattering, and seemed fuller of hope to Venice, than the dispassionate attitude of England. And until the Austrians were convinced that France had no more intention of drawing the sword than England, the chances of her active antagonism gave more weight to her mediation with Austria. Manin was prejudiced against England by the apparent lack of sympathy in the conduct of the cautious English Consul throughout the siege of Venice; but in the end both he and his French historians rendered full justice to the liberal zeal and perfect loyalty of Lord Palmerston.

Mr. Butt's description of the manner in which the people of Venice celebrated the first anniversary of Manin's death is worth quoting, as a speaking proof of the strong personal feeling which continues to bind them to the memory and the cause of their great leader:—

Once more the Austrian Government made war on the service for the dead. All priests were menaced with the severest penalties who would dare to offer up a mass or chant a requiem for the repose of Manin. With the early day a multitude thronged to the church of St. Luc, the parish church of Manin's former home. As they approached, the doors were closed by armed men. All who would attempt to enter were threatened with arrest. The house of prayer, which, according to the pious usage of Roman Catholic countries, is left open for the devotions of all who choose to enter, was shut against the sorrowing crowd who came to pray for their departed chief.

The pious affection of his countrymen found means to baffle even the stern vigilance of the Austrian police, and in a temple which that vigilance had not thought it necessary to guard, was performed the forbidden service that implored peace for Manin's soul.

As the sun went down that evening, an unusual crowd had filled the unfrequented church of the Capuchins, which rises on one of the isles on the outskirts of the city of the sea, near the cemetery of San Michele. Gondolas in hurried visits had, in rapid succession, been disembarking small separate parties, and hastened from the landing-place, to avoid the appearance of a gathering. In a short space of time the church was filled; the multitude knelt down in silence, as the falling shadows of the twilight deepened the sombre dimness of the sacred building. No priest disobeyed the injunction that forbade him to perform any service for the dead. But through the breathless stillness of the church was heard a voice that said—"Let us pray for the soul of Daniel Manin."

The solemn chant of the "De Profundis" rose at once from a thousand hearts. It swelled from the vaulted aisles of the old building; its melancholy intonations were borne over the waters of the canal and the lagoon. The waiting gondoliers, all who were plying on its surface, reverently uncovered their heads. Wherever the voice of that chant was heard on land, the passer through the streets knelt down; the children ceased their sports, and men and women left their work to pray. In this strange fashion it was that Venice wafted to Heaven her stealthy and forbidden orisons for the soul of her exiled and martyred chief.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. LITTRÉ'S *History of the French Language*\* comprises a series of articles which have already appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the *Journal des Savants*, and the *Journal des Débats*. Nevertheless, it has nothing of a fragmentary character, for the learned author, whilst discussing new editions of medieval texts, and treatises on grammar or on lexicography, has always taken care to keep in view one leading idea, around which he has grouped all his remarks; and he has endeavoured to select as topics for examination subjects that would naturally afford him the opportunity of explaining the peculiarities of the French language during the middle ages. An introduction of sixty pages opens the first volume. In it M. Littré gives his theory of the formation of language generally, and then, applying this theory to the group of idioms designated by the epithet *Romance*, he concludes by ascertaining the position which the *Langue d'Oïl* and the *Langue d'Oc* occupied respectively in that group. The chapter which follows is extremely curious. It takes up more than one half of the first volume, and is, in fact, a series of twelve articles originally designed as reviews of five different works, but really supplying a valuable guide to the etymology and syntax of medieval French. M. Littré, like other modern savants, has done much to correct the idea which not long ago was almost universally adopted, which represented the *Langue d'Oïl* as a barbarous idiom, amenable to no rules, and made up, so to say, at haphazard. He points out especially the share which the Latin accent has had in the formation of Romance words. He lays down a few plain axioms towards the determination of etymological problems, and he illustrates these rules by several examples. Poetry is the next subject which engages M. Littré's attention. He examines very fully the idiom of the thirteenth century, and after showing what facilities that idiom offers for the translation

of classical epic poetry, he gives as a specimen a version of the first book of the *Iliad* in the metrical form, which is so familiar to students who have become acquainted with the old *Chansons de Geste*. The essay on Dante which terminates the volume gives our author another opportunity of proposing his ideas on the best way of translating mediæval poetry. The farce of *Pierre Patelin* and the *Mystery of Adam* form the subject of the first two disquisitions in the second volume. The history of the stage in all its branches, arising, as a matter of course, from the criticism of these two plays, is one of the most extensive subjects in the whole field of mediæval literature. M. Littré has elucidated it with his usual care. We have next a suggestive article on French patois, and half-a-dozen others on various texts, important either in a philological or an historical point of view. The concluding chapter treats of the correspondence of Marguerite de Navarre, sister of King Francis I., and, therefore, brings us down to the Renaissance period. From these remarks it will appear evident that M. Littré's book deserves to be attentively studied by all persons whose researches are directed towards the origin of the French language and literature. Every chapter is accompanied by a summary, and an excellent alphabetical index has been very judiciously added.

M. Honoré Bonhomme is not one of those who, for fear of disclosing unpleasant truths, would prevent the publication of historical documents which the cautiousness of our ancestors has hitherto kept under lock and key. He thinks that the truth should be known, even at the risk of throwing from their pedestal some of the idols before whom we have been accustomed to burn incense, and the only limit he assigns to the zeal of modern elucidators is that which is suggested by decency and good taste. Madame de Maintenon, more than any other celebrated personage, perhaps, has up to the present time been almost exclusively studied in her official character; very little of her private life is known; and the interesting documents collected by M. Honoré Bonhomme\* bring before us, stripped of all the prestige of rank and influence, not only the widow of Scarron, but also many other persons of her family. The volume we are now noticing comprises six series of documents, each of which is introduced by an illustrative and explanatory preface. In the first, extending between the years 1627 and 1642, we find, amongst other curious scraps, a letter written to Madame de Villette by Jeanne de Cardillac, mother of Madame de Maintenon, and which throws a new light upon her early days. The most interesting of the documents contained in the second series is a letter in which the widow of Scarron, left by the death of her husband in a state of almost destitution, explains to her relatives the pecuniary difficulties by which she is surrounded. With the third, fourth, and fifth series we are introduced, not to Madame de Maintenon, but to her descendants; and the volume ends with a kind of spiritual *vade-mecum* or collection of pious directions given to the *marquise* by her confessors and other ecclesiastical advisers. M. Honoré Bonhomme's conclusion is rather singular. It contains an answer to the two following questions:—1st. Was Madame de Maintenon *frail* during the first ten years which followed the death of Scarron? 2nd. Did she recommend to Louis XIV. the revocation of the Edict of Nantes? On both these points M. Bonhomme says Yes, although with restrictions and qualifications which appear to us uncalled for by the facts.

If Madame de Maintenon's life must, to a certain extent, remain a doubtful problem, the same remark applies with greater force still to other personages of modern history. What opinion, for instance, can we pass upon Don Carlos, son of Philip II., King of Spain? What was his real position? Must we adopt the highly-coloured panegyric of Schiller, and consider him as an accomplished prince, who fell a sacrifice to the jealousy and cruelty of a tyrant? M. de Mouy acknowledges, in his preface†, that the life and death of Don Carlos form one of the obscurest episodes in the history of the sixteenth century. Prescott is the only writer who has given a somewhat detailed account of it; but he is deficient in accuracy, because he was deprived of the advantage of consulting the most important documents on the subject. M. de Mouy, on the contrary, has been able to study a variety of *pièces justificatives*, both MSS. and printed; and he gives a list of these authorities in his preface, and quotes freely from them in his foot-notes. He comes to the conclusion that Don Carlos was a prince who, notwithstanding several amiable qualities, such as generosity and sincerity, was lamentably deficient in points of far greater importance still; and that the course taken against him by his father was not without a justification on the ground of extenuating circumstances.

M. de la Rochefoucauld Doudeauville continues pouring forth volume after volume of his *Mémoires*. The one now before us is the eighth‡, and we are bound to say that it has interested us more than the others. Madame du Cayla here again has the lion's share, but we question very much whether all the zeal of the noble Duke will succeed in making of that lady a kind of Egeria, or a Madame de Maintenon *sans faiblesses*. The last hundred pages of the volume contain some rather curious documents on the periodical press, literature, and the fine arts during the

\* *Madame de Maintenon et sa Famille*. Par Honoré Bonhomme. Paris: Didier. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Don Carlos et Philippe II.* Par Charles de Mouy. Paris: Didier. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Mémoires de M. de la Rochefoucauld Doudeauville*. Paris: Lévy. London: Nutt.

\* *Histoire de la Langue Française*. Par E. Littré. Paris: Didier. London: Williams & Norgate.



Restoration period. By his position as *Directeur des Beaux Arts*, M. de la Rochefoucauld Doudeauville was naturally brought into contact with writers, painters, musicians, and other lions of the same category. He was, in fact, a kind of Mécénas, whose patronage could solve many a difficulty and remove many an obstacle from the path of candidates for fame. To this we owe a series of letters collected together at the end of the present volume, some of which bear the signature of *bonâ fide* celebrities. The two notes of George Sand are particularly amusing, because they display a *sans façon* which must have appeared somewhat out of place to the person for whom they were intended.

The reprint of M. Alexandre Dumas' *Memoirs*\*, two volumes of which are now before us, gives a fitting opportunity for making a few remarks on the manner in which some people understand the word *autobiography*. It is obvious that if we consider as closely and reasonably connected with the events of our own life the Sovereigns under whose reigns we lived, the Prime Ministers who governed when we were still in our cradle, the authors whose books we admired, and the clergymen whose sermons we listened to, there is no possible reason why every man's memoirs should not be a kind of biographical dictionary, the only peculiarity of which would be its not being printed in alphabetical order. Such is the principle adopted by M. Alexandre Dumas in the preparation of his memoirs. M. Dumas was a great admirer of Lord Byron; hence a long disquisition about the noble poet, his family, his education, his genius, &c. The first volume of the memoirs we are now noticing comprises details about Napoleon which are no doubt interesting, and which are told with considerable effect; but how those details bear upon the life of M. Dumas is what we are at a loss to discover. Another peculiarity we cannot help noticing, is that of splitting up the periods into a number of small paragraphs of one line or one line and a half each, which remind us by their outward appearance of verses in the Bible, or of the biblical-looking aphorisms in M. de Lamennais' *Paroles d'un Croyant*. However, despite these critical remarks, we need scarcely tell our readers that the memoirs of M. Alexandre Dumas are extremely amusing.

Eight years ago, M. Guizot published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, under the title *L'Amour dans le Mariage*, a biographical sketch of Lady Rachel Russell. Printed shortly afterwards in a separate form, this work obtained the greatest success, and all who read it agreed that the well-known axiom about fact being stranger than fiction had never been so admirably proved. The duodecimo now given to the world† by M. Guizot is, like the former one, a contribution to the *Revue*. Like it, the annals of English history have supplied the writer with the facts of his narrative; but whilst the tragical element predominated there, we are treading here on the ground of comedy and humour. The voyage of the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles I., in quest of a wife, his difficulties with respect to the Spanish princess, and his subsequent marriage with Henrietta Maria of France—such is the episode which M. Guizot has treated with his accustomed skill. The character of James I., that of Buckingham, the political schemes of Richelieu, and the aspect of the Court of France, receive *en passant* their due share of notice; and the whole forms a sketch which is far more interesting than the most highly-wrought novels. We believe, nevertheless, that *Un Projet de Mariage Royal* will not obtain the amount of popularity enjoyed by *L'Amour dans le Mariage*. The characters introduced in the present volume attract our sympathy much less than Lady Rachel Russell, and the account of the endless intrigues of the Courts of Madrid and Saint Germain excites our curiosity without moving our feelings.

The constant progress of scientific investigation, and the comparative discredit under which literature of a high class is now labouring in France, have turned the public mind to every branch of the applied sciences. Hence the elementary manuals so frequently published at the present time on chemistry, mechanics, manufactures, and other similar studies. Hence, also, the useful volumes periodically issued, which bring before the reader, in a concise and simple form, all the results of modern discovery and ingenuity. The popularity with which such labours are received is evident from the fact that two works of this character have obtained a considerable sale. We shall say a few words of each. The *Revue des Sciences et de l'Industrie*‡, published by Messrs. Grandeau and Laugel, is divided into thirteen sections, corresponding respectively to the principal ramifications of applied science. Astronomy leads the way, and we have notices of all the new planets, the comets, the nebulae, and the stars in general. An interesting chapter is devoted to photography in connexion with astronomy, and accounts are given of the transactions of the observatories of France and other countries. In the province of mineralogy, aluminium is the great object of inquiry; and in that of zoology, the problem of the origin of species obtains the chief notice. The last chapter is devoted to a *compte-rendu* of the annual public sitting of the Académie des Sciences. Pictorial illustrations are introduced, but rather too sparingly, and of a very inferior character.

M. Louis Figuier's *Année Scientifique*§ has now obtained the

sanction of time, and the volume which is before us seems decidedly superior to the rival work of Messrs. Grandeau and Laugel. The contents are far better classified. The details are more numerous, and the illustrations have been done with greater care. M. Figuier likewise devotes a distinct chapter to an enumeration of the prizes awarded by the different scientific societies, and he gives interesting biographical notices of the *savants* whom death has removed in the course of the preceding year. We may take a future opportunity of noticing this valuable work more fully.

The eminent artist, M. de Triqueti, is also an active member of the Protestant Church in Paris, and he divides his time between the composition of his works and the direction of the charitable institutions placed under the care of the Presbyteral council. The *Manuel de la Charité*\* which he has just published is a kind of practical guide to those institutions, and is divided into four sections, each of which contains the most useful indications. The first gives a short notice of the Paris Protestant Church from its earliest origin, and defines very clearly the various attributions of the superior court or *consistoire*, the Presbyteral Council, and the diaconate. In the second chapter we find an account of the educational establishments in connexion with the Church; the third contains a description of the charitable establishments, properly so called; the fourth, and last, supplies an enumeration of the foundations created by private munificence or which, otherwise, are not entitled strictly to be viewed as establishments maintained by the funds of the Church.

The other volume of M. de Triqueti†, although limited to an examination of charitable institutions, is really more minute in its statements, because it applies not only to Paris, but to the whole of France. It consists of two chapters, the first being a general report on the works undertaken and supported by Protestant charity, whilst the second is a description of those works, their nature, their financial resources, and the conditions on which the poor or the invalid members of the community are admitted to participate in them.

The Arcade Colbert was formerly one of the favourite resorts in Paris for antiquarians, bibliomaniacs, and manuscript-hunters. Not uncommonly a valuable Elzevir might be found buried under heaps of stupid pamphlets in the box of a *bouquiniste*, and a bundle of damp-eaten papers sold by weight was, on being sorted, discovered to contain some curious autograph or some important title deed. It was from that rendezvous of literary *flâneurs* that Prince Augustin Galitzin carried off, about twenty years ago, the papers which he now brings before the public‡. They are anonymous, and respecting their authorship only mere conjectures can be put forth; but the noble editor is inclined to ascribe the first part, at least, to J. B. Schérer, who lived for thirteen years in Russia, under the reign of Catherine II., and published, among other works, a volume entitled *Anecdotes intéressantes et secrètes de la Cour de Russie*, some of which anecdotes are reproduced verbatim in the present collection. Prince Galitzin's historical introduction is extremely valuable from the sketch it gives of the policy and administration of the Czars, and especially of Peter the Great, who is represented as having been very much overrated by the generality of historians. Prince Galitzin thinks that before his accession to the throne, the work of civilization was proceeding slowly but safely in Russia, and that he endeavoured to throw the development of that work into an artificial channel repugnant to the national character of the Slavonic races. The volume itself contains, in the first place, some anecdotes on Peter I., Catherine I., and Peter II.; and then the history of several noblemen of the Court of Russia condemned to death or to exile by Peter I. and his successors. The perusal of this protracted series of executions and banishments is peculiarly instructive at a time when events prove that the government of Russia is still conducted according to the theory of *bon plaisir* quite as much as it was a hundred years ago.

The new novel of M. Victor Cherbuliez§ keeps us on Russian ground. It is decidedly superior to the usual productions of the kind, and contains clever delineations of character; but we do not think that the law of retributive justice receives sufficient satisfaction in the person of the abominable Count Kostia, who, after murdering his best friend, trampling upon the feelings of his dependents, causing the death of his wife as far as he can, and the unhappiness of his children, finds himself at the last treated with an amount of affection and care which he certainly never deserved. *Count Kostia* originally appeared in the *Revue des deux Mondes*.

Some notice should be taken, in our monthly summary, of works written for young people. It is a branch of literature which is not generally cultivated with much success on the other side of the Channel, at least in an original form; and the catalogues of juvenile books issued by Paris publishers contain almost exclusively translations from the German or the English. Here, however, we have five volumes of *bonâ fide* French origin, and which, if not remarkable by any conspicuous qualities, are at least readable. M. Alfred des Essarts

\* *Mes Mémoires*. Par Alexandre Dumas. Vols. I., II. Paris: Lévy. London: Jeffs. 1862.

† *Un Projet de Mariage Royal*. Par M. Guizot. Paris and London: Hachette.

‡ *Revue des Sciences et de l'Industrie*. Par L. Grandeau et A. Laugel. Paris: Mallet-Bachelier. London: Dulau.

§ *L'Année Scientifique et Industrielle*. Par L. Figuier. Paris and London: Hachette.

\* *Manuel de la Charité dans l'Eglise Réformée de Paris*. Par H. de Triqueti. Paris: Meyrueis. London: Jeffs.

† *Exposé des Œuvres de la Charité Protestante en France*. Par H. de Triqueti. Paris: Meyrueis. London: Jeffs.

‡ *La Russie au dix-huitième Siècle; Mémoires inédits*. Publiés par le Prince Augustin Galitzin. Paris: Didier. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Le Comte Kostia*. Par Victor Cherbuliez. Paris and London: Hachette.

describes, under the title *Les Fêtes de nos Pères*\*, those local ceremonies or festivities which were in days of yore kept religiously throughout France, but which are gradually falling into disuse as the influence of Paris civilization and Paris centralization is felt from one end of the country to the other. M. des Essarts regrets the disappearance of these celebrations. His book is interesting both in a literary and an antiquarian point of view. The *Récits Légendaires*† of the same author are, as the title sufficiently shows, a collection of stories where fiction plays the most conspicuous part. These legends, nineteen in number, refer not to France exclusively, but to the whole range of history since the beginning of the Christian era. The deeds of the early martyrs, the prowess of knight-errantry, Teutonic life with all its rudeness, the traditions of Ireland, nay, even the hunting exploits of North American Indians, contribute to the variety and interest of M. des Essarts' *Récits Légendaires*.

M. Al. Mazas gives as the motto of his work‡ the significant direction, *Faites votre prière du matin*, and illustrates it with the help of a most romantic story, in which tragical adventures of every kind are made to result from the neglect of saying morning prayers. We are told in the preface that *Le Dernier des Robusteins* is a narrative which was committed to writing in 1788, by Dom Maurice, a Cistercian monk, of the abbey of Aiguebelles. Whether, however, this assertion is a fact, or only a pious fraud designed to account for the solemn character of the work, is more than we can venture to decide.

The life of the Chevalier Bayard may be considered not merely as an instructive example of courage and of patriotism, but also as illustrating every kind of virtue becoming a truly Christian gentleman. Never, perhaps, was any *sobriquet* more fortunately applied than that of *Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche* in the instance before us; and M. Henry d'Audiguier, writing the biographical sketch of the gallant knight under the impression of this idea, aims at representing Bayard less as the soldier than as the pattern of a man in the widest extent of the signification. The *Histoire de Pierre Terrail* is written with much animation, and cannot fail to amuse the young reader.

M. Henry Berthoud thinks||, we suppose, that the facts of geology are too dry to be presented in the pages of a popular handbook without the extraneous ornaments of fiction. Hence the *Avantures des Os d'un Géant*, which we shall describe merely as an elementary work on fossils illustrated with useful woodcuts.

- \* *Les Fêtes de nos Pères*. Par Alfred des Essarts. Paris: La Mahérie. London: Barthes & Lowell.  
† *Récits Légendaires*. Par Alfred des Essarts. Paris: La Mahérie. London: Barthes & Lowell.  
‡ *Le Dernier des Robusteins*. Par Al. Mazas. Paris: La Mahérie. London: Barthes & Lowell.  
§ *Histoire de Pierre Terrail, Seigneur de Bayard*. Par H. d'Audiguier. Paris: La Mahérie. London: Barthes & Lowell.  
|| *Histoire des Os d'un Géant*. Par S. Henry Berthoud. Paris: La Mahérie. London: Barthes & Lowell.

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We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

## NOTICE.

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## ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Lord Lansdowne.	Literary Honesty.	
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Under the Management of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison. On Monday, February 9, and Wednesday, 11 (Last Times), LOVE'S TRIUMPH. On Tuesday, 10 (Last Time), MARITIME. After which the GRAND PASTORALE, HARLEQUIN BEAUTY and THE BEAST. The Last Morning Performance of the Fantomine on Wednesday, February 11, at Two o'clock. Notice.—On Thursday, February 12, will be produced Balfe's New Grand Romantic Opera, entitled THE ARMOURER of NANTES. Commencing at ten minutes to Seven. Box Office open daily from Ten till Five. No charge for Booking.

## MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.

On Monday Evening next, February 9, Messrs. Chas. Hallé, Sinton, Platt, L. Rice, H. Webb, and Pague will appear. Vocalists: Madlle. Florence Lancia and Mr. Sims Reeves. Conductor, Mr. Benedict. For full particulars, see Programme. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.

## ST. JAMES'S HALL, Regent Street and Piccadilly.—WEDNESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 11, 1863.

Sigmar GIUGLINI will sing at the Seventh Concert of NATIONAL MELODIES. Chorus of Four Hundred Voices, accompanied by a Band of Twenty Hairs. Vocalists—Signor Giuglini, Miss E. Sanders, Miss Banks, and Madame Lancia. Harp—Messrs. Frederick Chatterton and Ellis Roberts. Trust, Layland, Lockwood, Compton, Perry, Putnam, Thompson, Stratford, Jon. Baker, Saunders, Deane, J. Weippert, and Mr. John Cheshire; Mendaces Cooper, Carey, Jessie Weippert, Fiondine, Holcombe, and Trust. Conductors, Mr. F. Kingsbury and Herr Wilhelm Ganz. Balcony, 3s.; Body of the Hall, 2s.; Admission, 1s.; Sofa Stalls (Reserved and Numbered) 5s. each. Doors open at Seven. Commence at Eight o'clock. Tickets may be obtained at Austin's Office, 25 Piccadilly; of Addison, Hollier, & Lucas, 210 Regent Street; Cramer, Beale, & Wood, 201 Regent Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48 Cheap-side; Hammond (Jullien), 214 Regent Street; Chappell, 50 New Bond Street; Cook, Hatchings, & Co., 62 New Bond Street; Howard & Crew, 48 New Bond Street; R. W. Gilver, 19 Old Bond Street; Foster & King, 16 Hanover Street; and at Mitchell's Royal Library, 33 Old Bond Street.

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PARTIES and the SEA-SIDE will be issued at the EGYPTIAN HALL, EVERY EVENING (except Saturday), at Eight o'clock. Mr. HAROLD POWELL will be the only feature. A Morning Performance on Saturday, at Three o'clock. Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. The Box Office is open daily from Eleven till Five o'clock.

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## THE HUNTER STREET ACADEMY "OLD PUPILS"

ANNUAL DINNER will take place at Radley's Hotel, Bridge Street, Blackfriars, on Monday, February 9, 1863. J. H. Lilley, Esq., will preside; supported by J. H. Self, Esq., C. J. JAMES, W. J. BLOOMFIELD, Hon. Secs.

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The following courses of Lectures are about to be commenced:—Thirty Lectures on *Physics*, by Professor TENDALL, F.R.S., to be delivered on every week day but Tuesday, at Ten a.m., commencing on February 16. Fee for the course, 2s. Thirty-six Lectures on *Applied Mechanics*, by Professor WILLIS, M.A., F.R.S., to be delivered on every week day but Saturday, at Twelve; commencing February 16. Fee for the course, 2s. Thirty Lectures on *Geology*, by Professor ILIAR, F.R.S., to be delivered on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, at half-past One; commencing February 16. Fee for the course, 2s.

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The following Gentlemen, Pupils of the Indian Civil Service Institute, passed their respective Examinations during the past year:—

Direct Commissions.			
Mr. H. W. Roberts	Royal Military College, Sandhurst.	14th Place.	
Mr. John Davy	5,477 marks.	Queen's Cadetship.	
Mr. C. E. Hughes	5,275 "		
Mr. James J. B. Frew	1,840 "		
Indian Civil Service.—Further Examination.			
Mr. Roberts	7th Place.	Mr. Stewart	16th Place.
Mr. Robertson	10th "	Mr. Phillips	40th "
Mr. Woodroffe	12th "	Mr. Cruickshank	54th "
First or Open Examination.			
Mr. Kirkwood			56th Place.

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A detailed Prospectus, containing Syllabuses of all the Courses of Lectures, and all other information, arrangements for boarding, &c., may be obtained by application to the Director. The School will open in the First Week in February, 1863.

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**THE Head Master of a Foundation School** in one of the Southern Counties wishes to receive into his family Two Private PUPILS, not under 17, for the purpose of either preparing them for the University Examinations, or generally completing their Education. French, German, Italian, and Spanish taught if required. Terms, 100 Guineas per annum, inclusive.—Address, ALPINA, 40 Cambridge Terrace, Hyde Park.

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**MALVERN PROPRIETARY COLLEGE (Limited).**—Wanted, a **HEAD MASTER** in the above College, about to be erected at MALVERN. Testimonials must be sent in to the Hon. Secretary, L. SWANSON, Esq., M.D., Malvern, on or before February 15, 1863, from whom any further information may be obtained.

**EDUCATIONAL.**—In a superior Establishment, of many years' standing, in the immediate vicinity of Kensington Gardens, there are Vacancies for Two or Three Young Ladies. The Course of Education combines solid and general information, and the highest accomplishments, based on earnest religious principles. Letters may be addressed to A. E. T., or applications personally to Messrs. Hatchard & Co., 187 Piccadilly, London.

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**TO SCULPTORS.**—The COUNCIL of the ART UNION of LONDON propose to AWARD the sum of SIX HUNDRED POUNDS for a GROUP of single figure in MARBLE, to be competed for by finished models in plaster, the size of the intended work, which must be not less than life, assuming five feet as the minimum. The models are to be sent in by March 1, 1863, and the work is to be completed, in the best statuary marble, by March 1, 1865. Two hundred pounds will be paid on the award of the premium, and the remainder on the completion of the marble. The Council reserve to themselves the right of withholding the premium if a work of adequate merit be not submitted. The competition is open to artists of all countries.

GEORGE GODWIN, } Hon. Secretaries.  
LEWIS FIDOCK, }

414 West Strand, Feb. 2, 1863.

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—WANTED, a GENTLEMAN, or even two, of character and status, whose present means would permit him to devote himself to the documents and papers of a small public office connected with the Southern Hemisphere, and for a few months *con amore*. To a man of right calibre opportunity is presented for adequate position at home or abroad. Nothing, however, but first-class stationery and reputation, sound judgment, and at least semi-legal acumen would be of any service.—A. Z., Messrs. Sawyer & Sons, 1 Castle Court, Bishop Lane, E.C.

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**A GENTLEMAN**, for several years Editor of an Influential Journal in the West of Scotland, desires an Engagement on the Staff of any of the London Daily or Weekly Newspapers. He is a man of mature age, with long experience, practical knowledge, and literary ability would be available.—Address by letter, R. H., care of Mr. Vickers, 2 Cowper's Court, Cornhill, E.C.

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**ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL, Hyde Park Corner.** Instituted 1753; Incorporated by Act of Parliament, 1831.

The Weekly Board of Governors beg to draw the attention of the Public to the state of the finances of this old-established Hospital.

The present number of beds provided is 350.

The Receipts last year, including legacies, were £12,500.

The Expenditure amounted to 15,600.

Stock sold to make up the deficiency 5,000.

Annual Subscriptions and Donations are earnestly solicited.

The Hospital is enabled to hold real property by devise.

By Order of the Weekly Board, CHELSEA, Chairman.

A report having been circulated that this Hospital has become entitled to a large sum of money under the will of the late Atkinson Morley, Esq., the Weekly Board think it right to state the fact (which is well known to the Governors) that, by the terms of Mr. Morley's will, the bequest is to be specially applied in the establishment of a Convalescent Institution in connexion with St. George's Hospital, and not for the general purposes of the Hospital itself; and further, that until July, 1863, no part of the bequest will become payable.

By Order of the Weekly Board, W. J. TAYLOR, Secretary.

**THE ROYAL HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES, Putney, S.W.** Instituted 1854.

Treasurer—HENRY HUTH, Esq.

Bankers—Messrs. GLYN, MILLS, & CO.

Eighty-one In-door Patients have a Home for Life.

Seventy-seven Out-patients have an Annuity for Life.

Ninety-two Persons have already been admitted, seeking the Benefits of this Charity.

SUBSCRIPTIONS are most earnestly SOLICITED, that the Board may admit as many as possible at the next Election.

The Public are respectfully invited to visit the Hospital. It is Open for Inspection daily from Two till Five.

Office, 10 Poultry, E.C., Jan. 1863. FREDERIC ANDREW, Secretary.

**THE ROYAL HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES.**—MUNIFICENT PROPOSAL.—A Gentleman, a Governor of this Charity, has kindly offered to contribute to the Building Fund the sum of 100 guineas, provided Nine other Persons will subscribe a like Amount prior to June 30 next.

THE BOARD APPEAL with earnestness to the WEALTHY and BENEVOLENT, that so Liberal a Proposal may meet with an early and cordial Response.

The want of a Commodious Dwelling presses each year more severely upon the Charity. The proposed Subscription will be a most welcome addition to the Funds already collected.

Names will be thankfully received at the Office. FREDERIC ANDREW, Secretary.

Office, 10 Poultry, E.C., Jan. 1863.

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12 Dessert Spoons.....	1 4 0	1 12 0	1 15 0	1 17 0
12 Tea Spoons.....	0 16 0	1 3 0	1 5 0	1 7 0
6 Egg Spoons, gilt bowls.....	0 10 0	0 12 0	0 15 0	0 15 0
2 Sauce Ladles.....	0 6 0	0 8 0	0 9 0	0 9 0
1 Gravy Spoon.....	0 6 0	0 10 0	0 11 0	0 13 0
2 Salt Spoons, gilt bowls.....	0 3 4	0 4 8	0 3 0	0 3 0
1 Mustard Spoon, gilt bowl.....	0 1 4	0 1 8	0 2 6	0 2 6
1 Pair of Sugar Tongs.....	0 2 0	0 3 6	0 4 0	0 4 0
1 Pair of Fish Carvers.....	1 4 0	1 7 6	1 10 0	1 12 0
1 Butter Knife.....	0 7 6	0 5 6	0 6 0	0 7 6
1 Soup Ladle.....	0 10 0	0 17 0	0 17 0	0 17 0
1 Sugar Sifter.....	0 3 3	0 4 6	0 5 0	0 5 0
Total.....	9 19 9	13 10 3	14 19 6	15 4 0

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	17 0	14 0	4 0	
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The largest stock in existence of plated Dessert Knives and Forks. In cases and otherwise, and of the new plated Fish Carvers.

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 The London Life Association was established more than fifty years ago, on the principle of mutual assurance, the whole of the benefits being shared by the members assured. The surplus is ascertained each year, and appropriated solely to a reduction of the premiums after seven years' payments have been made.  
 If the present rate of reduction be maintained, persons now effecting assurances will be entitled, after seven years, to a reduction of 7½ per cent., whereby each £10 of annual premium will be reduced to £7 12s.  
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 Assurances may be effected up to £10,000 on the same life.  
 The Society has no agents and allows no commission, nevertheless the new assurances effected in the last financial year amounted to £212,315, and the new annual premiums to £12,083.  
**EDWARD DOCKER, Secretary.**

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 Annual Income ..... £90,000  
 Profits divided every fifth year.  
 Four-fifths of the Profits allotted to the Assured.  
 The Bonuses added to the Policies at the five Divisions of Profits which have hitherto been made, amount to ..... £3,500,000  
 The next Division of Profits will be made up to December 31, 1864.  
 The Society has paid in Claims—Sums assured ..... £1,576,230  
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 Together ..... £2,826,420

For Prospectuses and Forms for effecting Assurances, apply to the Actuary, at the Society's Office, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

January, 1863. **WILLIAM SAMUEL DOWNES, Actuary.**

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 During the century of its existence it has paid £16,460,000 in claims, and £15,390,000 for bonuses on the same.  
 The invested capital, on December 31, 1862, exceeded Five millions sterling.  
 The reserve at the last "rest," in December 1859, exceeded £770,000, as a basis for future divisions.  
 Under the By-Law of December 19, 1856, the oldest 5,000 policies are admitted to participation in the bonuses.  
 New assurers in the current year (1863) will be placed among that number after payment of their first premium, and will become entitled to a rateable share in the bonus to be made in December 1860, and in all future benefits of the Office.  
**SURRENDER OF POLICIES**—The full value is paid on surrender, without any deduction.  
**Leave of Policies**—The Directors will make advances on deposit of the Policies.  
 A Court of Directors is held every Wednesday, from 11 to 1 o'clock, to receive proposals for New Assurances; and a Short Account of the Society may be had on application, personally or by post, at the Office.  
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Established A.D. 1720, by Charter of King George the First, and confirmed by Special Acts of Parliament.  
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Fire, Life, and Marine Assurances on liberal terms.  
 Life Assurances with, or without, participation in Profits.  
 Divisions of Profit every Five Years.  
 Any sum up to £15,000 insured on the same life.  
 A liberal participation in Profits, with exemption under Royal Charter from the liabilities of partnership.  
 A rate of Bonus equal to the average returns of Mutual Societies, with the additional guarantee of a large invested Capital-Stock.  
 The advantages of modern practice, with the security of an Office whose resources have been tested by the experience of nearly a CENTURY and a HALF.  
 The Corporation have always allowed the Assured to serve in the Militia, Yeomanry, or Volunteer Corps, within the United Kingdom, free of charge.  
 A Prospectus and Table of Bonus will be forwarded on application.  
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 Incorporated by Royal Charter. Paid-up capital, £644,000.  
 With agencies and branches at Bombay, Calcutta, Rangoon, Singapore, Hongkong, and Shanghai.  
 The Corporation buy and sell bills of exchange, payable at the above-named places, issue letters of credit, undertake the purchase and sale of Indian Government and other securities, and receive deposits at interest, the terms for which may be known on application.

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 Current Accounts opened with persons properly introduced, and interest allowed on minimum Monthly Balances.  
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 Letters of Credit and Circular Notes issued to all parts of the world, and Agencies undertaken.  
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**THE IMPERIAL BANK (LIMITED),**

6 LOTHBURY, E.C.  
**Directors**—  
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 Robert Stacey Price, Esq. Samuel Bolton Edenborough, Esq.  
 James Dickson, Esq. Robert Diggle, Esq.  
 William Murdoch, Esq. John Alfred Chowse, Esq.  
 Alexander Lane Elder, Esq. Edmund Westby, Esq.  
 William Tabor, Esq. William Gordon Thomson, Esq.  
 Robert How, Esq. Michael Hall, Esq.

**Manager**—R. A. BENTHAM, Esq.  
**Solicitors**—Messrs. DESBOROUGH, YOUNG, & DESBOROUGH.  
 At the First General Meeting of the Shareholders, held at the London Tavern on Thursday, February 5, 1863:  
**A. L. ELDER, Esq., in the Chair.**

The following Report was submitted:—  
 The Directors have much pleasure in availing themselves of this earliest opportunity afforded them to present to the Shareholders, for the first time, a Report of the state and progress of the Bank, for the half-year ending December 31 last.  
 The Shareholders are aware that the Bank was opened for business in June 1862; and it is satisfactory to the Directors to state, that it was at once evident, from the amount of substantial support received from their friends and the public, that the success of the undertaking was assured.

In consequence of the low value of money during the greater part of the period that the Bank has been in operation, it could scarcely be expected that any considerable profit would be realized; but it will be gratifying to the Proprietors to observe, from the annexed Balance-sheet, that a gross profit of £2,014 has been made, whilst all the Current Expenses—which in a new undertaking, it must be remembered, are disproportionately heavy—have been paid, leaving a balance of £1,681 12s. 3d. net profit, to be carried forward to the new Account.

The Directors think it may not be out of place to notice that their primary object has been not so much to realize large immediate profits, as to conduct the affairs of the Bank on sound and safe principles, so as to secure public confidence, which they know is essential for the continued prosperity of the undertaking.

The capital of the Bank on July 1 was £700,000; by a second call, payable on October 11, it was increased to £1,000,000. A third call, which is due at the end of the present month, will further increase it to £1,500,000. The legitimate banking business now transacted renders at least this amount of capital necessary to meet the requirements of the establishment.

The preliminary expenses, including provisional office rent, advertising, registration, solicitors' bill, and every other item amount to £2,365 12s. 1d. The premises, as they stand, cost £25,498, including furniture, fixtures, &c. &c. The upper portion is now let, at a rental of £825 per annum, which gives a return of nearly 4 per cent. on the cost price of the building, and the Bank has only to bear the ground rent.

All the present Directors, in accordance with the Articles of Association, retire at this time from office, but, being eligible, they offer themselves for re-election. Two Auditors also will have to be appointed by the meeting.

In conclusion, while the Directors assure the Shareholders that, if again elected, their best exertions will be continued to promote the prosperity of an establishment in which they feel deeply interested, they at the same time trust that the Proprietors will cordially co-operate with them by recommending the Bank to the support of their respective friends, and using their influence to make the Imperial Bank one of the permanent institutions of this metropolis.

**LIABILITIES AND ASSETS, Wednesday, December 31, 1862.**

THE IMPERIAL BANK (Limited).	
<b>Liabilities.</b>	
To Capital paid-up.....	£700,000 0 0
To Amount due on Current and Deposit Accounts.....	480,125 3 0
To Balance carried to Credit Profit and Loss Account.....	5,014 13 9
	£1,185,139 3 9

<b>Assets.</b>	
By Consols and India Debentures.....	£29,634 9 7
By Bills Discounted and Loans.....	421,130 17 0
By Cash in Hand at the Bank and at Call.....	116,080 7 3
By Bank Premises, Furniture, and Fixtures.....	25,498 0 0
By Preliminary Expenses.....	4,365 2 11
	£1,185,347 16 9

**PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.**

<b>Liabilities.</b>	
To Current Expenses.....	£3,047 7 1
To Ground Rent due December 25.....	315 13 5
To Amount carried to Profit and Loss Account.....	1,681 13 9
	£3,044 13 9

<b>Assets.</b>	
By Balance brought down.....	£3,044 13 9
	£3,044 13 9

We have examined the Balance-sheet, and find the same to be correct—  
**JONATHAN HOPKINSON, } Auditors.**  
**GEORGE BROOM, }**

It was then moved by the Chairman, seconded by A. Lusk, Esq., and carried unanimously:—  
 That the Report of the Directors now read to the meeting be adopted and entered upon the Minutes.

It was proposed by Peter Broad, Esq., and seconded by Colonel Wood, and carried unanimously:—  
 That all the retiring Directors be re-elected Directors of the Bank.

After being moved and seconded, it was carried:—  
 That George Broom, Esq., and Peter Broad, Esq., be elected Auditors for the ensuing year.

It was moved by George Smith, Esq., seconded by J. Evans, Esq., and unanimously carried:—  
 That the thanks of this Meeting be given to the Directors for their exertions in the formation and management of the Bank, and for the time they have devoted to its affairs.

On the motion of Metcalf Hopgood, Esq., it was resolved:—  
 That the thanks of this Meeting are due and be hereby given to Mr. R. A. Bentham and the other officers of the Bank for their continued industry and perseverance in the discharge of their respective duties.

(Extracted from the Minutes.)  
 Lothbury, February 5, 1863. **WILLIAM COLES, Secretary.**

**THE INNS OF COURT HOTEL COMPANY (Limited).**

**CAPITAL, £100,000, in 10,000 Shares of 10s. each.**

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**Directors**—  
 E. W. COX, Esq., J.P., Recorder of Falmouth and Holston, 36 Russell Square, London; and  
 John M. Highcock, Esq., Middlesex, Chairman.  
 JOHN JACKSON BLANDY, Esq., Town Clerk of Reading, and Under Sheriff of the County of Berks, Director of the Solicitors and General Life Assurance Society.

**G. F. FOX, Esq.,** British Director of the Law Property and Life Assurance Society.  
**HENRY HAWES FOX, Esq.,** 68 Queen's Gardens, Hyde Park, Director of the Brighton, Uckfield, and Tonbridge Wells Railway Company.

**GEORGE F. GUY, Esq.,** Hammermill, Chairman of the Davenport Railway Company.  
**A. STAVELEY HILL, Esq.,** D.C.L., Barrister-at-Law, 3 Garden Court, Temple, E.C.  
**JOHN BENJAMIN NEVILL, Esq.,** 15 Westbourne Park, W.  
**JAMES HICKS SMITH, Esq.,** Barrister-at-Law, 9 Serjeant's Inn, Fleet Street, E.C., and the  
 Deserford, Brewood, near Stafford.

**THOMAS STANTON, Esq.,** 11 Porchester Square, Baywater.  
**J. R. WORCESTER, Esq.,** merchant, Laurence Pountney Lane, and Lewisham Park (late of  
 the Admiralty).

**I. WRIGHT, Esq.,** Bradford, Director of the Bradford, Wakefield, and Leeds Railway Company.

**Solicitors**—  
 Messrs. DRUCE & CO., 53 Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.  
 H. C. ELLIOTT, Esq., 69 Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

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**THOMAS WAITE, Secretary (pro tem.)**

**THE ITALIAN IRRIGATION CANAL COMPANY.**

Notice is hereby given that, in conformity with the notification of November 28, 1862, those Shareholders who have not paid the further amount of 5s. per share (making up the whole 16s. per share), must make such payment on or before the 16th day of February next, after which date interest at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum will be charged upon all sums then in arrear. Interest at the same rate upon all payments made will be allowed from the dates of payment.

By Order, **G. GRANT, Acting Secretary.**

15 Gresham House, Old Broad Street, London, E.C., Jan. 14, 1863.

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The Quotations used for the purpose of exemplifying, confirming, and illustrating the explanations which precede them, have, for the sake of preserving one uniform mode of illustration, been divided into four periods. The first commencing with the *Rhyming Chronicles* of Robert of Gloucester, and Robert of Brunne, and continuing through the reign of Henry the Eighth and his two immediate successors. The second, from Hooker and Spenser, to Milton and Bishop Taylor. The third, from Waller and Barrow, to Pope and Samuel Clarke. The fourth, from Goldsmith and Hume, down to the present day. Besides the leading writers of each period, Dr. Richardson has given extracts from many writers whose works have never before been searched for the important purposes of Lexicography—the matchless translator of the Bible, Tindal; Udal and his associates, the translators of the commentaries of Erasmus; Berners' translation of Froissart; Sir Thomas More; the *Chronicles of Fabian*; and the *Voyages of Hackluyt*; with many others, whose compositions, small in size, but of inestimable worth, have hitherto been merely placed upon the shelves of the collector as rarities to gaze at. In like manner, in the second period, prodigality has been preferred to parsimony; and the writings of Daniel, Drayton, Holland, the translator of Pliny, Livy, Plutarch, &c.; North's *Lives of Plutarch*, Chapman, Beaumont and Fletcher, &c. &c., have been freely used. Dr. Richardson has also availed himself, for etymological purposes, of the rich store of old and nearly forgotten words contained in many provincial glossaries, collected by learned antiquaries, besides those appended to the larger editions of our older poets and dramatists. For the Supplement, we may add the *Translation of the Bible* by Wicliffe and his followers (Oxford, 1820) has been most carefully examined and copiously used.

Whilst availing himself of the words which are to be gathered from the writings of past authors, Dr. Richardson has been careful to reject such words as occur merely once or twice in authors comparatively unknown, because he believes that they were frequently made for the occasion, or tentatively; and the fact that they have not been accepted and adopted proves that they were not suited to the genius of our language, or did not define with sufficient precision the meaning which they were intended to convey, and, therefore, ought not to be perpetuated in a work which professes to reflect language which is or has been current, and not to register eccentric and affected usages.

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